THE NATION
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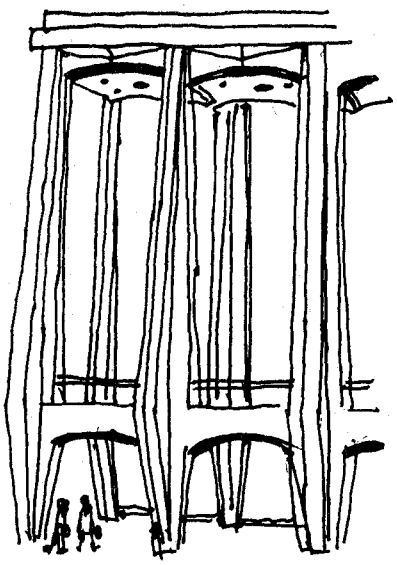
LINCOLN CENTER

Benjamin Boretz



Library
East Orange, N. J.

Tomb of the Future

The McCarran Act

New Lease on Malignancy

Arval A. Morris

Reviews & Essays

'Shapes of Philosophical History'
Hans Meyerhoff

Animal Books: W. S. Merwin

Commotion of the Retina
Max Kozloff

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LETTERS

Inflation or greed?

Warners, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In the issue of Feb. 8 an editorial ["Jeremiahs and Pacifiers"] was devoted to recent ideas concerning automation as expressed in *Look*, *Fortune* and *The New York Times*. I doubt that any of those quoted, or the editorial itself, did much to clarify the situation and may have resulted in confounding the confusion still more.

What could be more confusing than the statement that "inflation is just around the corner in an economy run on Keynesian principles"? I doubt that the writer of that editorial would recognize either inflation or a Keynesian principle if he saw one.

We must first recognize that not all price increases can be called inflation. Only those caused by a surplus of money and a shortage of goods can qualify as inflationary price increases. Not since 1946 have we had any shortages of goods which would put any inflationary pressure on the economy. . . .

We have come to look at deficit spending as a Keynesian principle, but it is really not. The Keynesian principle is that idle savings are the key log in the dilemma of idle money, idle machines and idle men, and that these savings can best be put back into circulation through deficit spending. Under such a program, so long as there are idle workers looking for work, and so long as we have idle facilities which can be put into production, there is no danger of inflation. If a shortage of workers or facilities does occur, the process can be reversed long before there is any danger of inflation.

But so long as we have an open-market economy and greed there can be no guarantee that there will be no price increases from other sources, whether the economy is operated under Keynesian or any other principles. If we want to prevent them we must put all industry under a public-utility system or some other system of wage and price control. . . .

Clarence Armstrong

Academic personage

Los Altos, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In his letter of Mar. 1, Richard Ohmann accepts all of Wade Thompson's charges against what the editors not-so-slyly referred to as "professional absurdities" in the MLA, absurdities which are indeed inherent in much of academic life. But Ohmann concludes that Mr. Thompson is "uncharitable" for mentioning these truths. By the same reasoning I suppose someone like Myron Lieberman or Paul Goodman should be tarred and feathered. And all social satirists should be shot on sight! I am sure students, at any rate, will immediately recognize Mr. Ohmann's academic personage who looks on the maze of academic absurdities with "irony," with or without clichés, but almost certainly with a loud yawn. *R. D. Lakin*

Due credit

Belmont, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of Mar. 1, "California Could Get It Too," was to the point. However, you made an error in fact. The story about the muzzling of the government geologists was first broken in the Redwood City *Tribune* by its top reporter, Bruce Brugmann. Harold Gilliam in the *San Francisco Chronicle* later reported the story and gave credit to Brugmann for turning it up. *Murrell Boyd*

Sukarno's gesture

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial . . . comment [Jan. 25] regarding Sukarno's rejection of aid from the affiliated organs of the United Nations, including UNICEF, was biased. Seen from the viewpoint of a nation protesting against the underlying political motivation of a world body, to accept aid from an agency, politically oriented or not, would be the height of hypocrisy.

Harold Tobman
Brooklyn College

Far cry from Adams

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Leo Marx's review of Ernest Samuels' *Henry Adams: The Major Phase* [*The Nation*, Feb. 15] is lively and stimulating, but I can neither understand his main thesis nor reconcile some of his attributions to Adams with what Adams actually wrote. . . .

The reviewer . . . endows Adams with a theory of history wherein "the machine is the surrogate for the punishing God of his fathers." Mr. Marx derives this *machina ex Deo* from the claim that

> *After* [the 13th century], *according to Adams, the explosion of physical energy overwhelmed mind; his "law of acceleration" described modern society as a machine increasingly out of control.*

What Adams wrote (in the conclusion to the chapter "A Law of Acceleration" in the *Education*) was:

> *The movement from unity into multiplicity . . . was . . . rapid in acceleration. Prolonged one generation longer, it would require a new social mind. . . . Thought . . . must enter a new phase subject to new laws. . . . Thus far . . . the mind has successfully reacted, and nothing yet proved that it would fail to react.*

No overwhelming or punishment here, and a far cry from the attitude of despairing fatalism which Mr. Marx believes to be Adams' most important bequest to us.

My nomination for the most important bequest of Henry Adams is a concept of education as a process which can persist throughout life, and at life's close remain open-ended. *Hugh Kite*

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The Propaganda Stage

Senator Wayne Morse tagged the current Vietnam situation perfectly when, speaking at Stanford, he said: *"We are now entering the stage of war propaganda. Watch for it and insist on doing your own thinking."*

That we are well into the intensified propaganda stage is no longer open to doubt. The White Paper rationalizing the extension of the war into North Vietnam is proof enough. No Madison Avenue hack has ever done a more transparent job of mangling the facts to justify the action than the State Department's pamphleteers in this instance. To hear them talk, one would never dream that a civil war has been raging in South Vietnam for some ten years—ever since the United States sent a lieutenant general to take charge of the organization and training of Ngo Dinh Diem's army. Since then, we have steadily increased our "advisers," and now combat troops, from a handful of officers and men to a figure approaching 30,000, with another 10,000 Marines said to be on the way. The grotesque corollary to this piece of naked propaganda is the pretense that what we are doing is in support of the UN—and justified under its Charter—even while we treat its Secretary General as if he were a door-to-door salesman.

The technique of internally directed propaganda is to convince the ordinary citizen that the nation is rallying as one man around the President, and that doubts and questions border on treason. The most that can be expected of the common people under these conditions is apathy, and the President is getting loads of that. Among the informed, the situation is entirely different. A survey showed that during the week of March 8, the Senate was divided into almost equal thirds. A third was opposed to what we were doing, another third was in favor (some wanted still more vigorous action) and the remaining third was in limbo, some honestly undecided and some waiting to see whether the bombings would bring Hanoi to terms so that they could jump on the bandwagon. But Morse, Gruening, Church, McGovern, Nelson and the others who have been critical are getting mail, most of it literate, and in two instances where a reliable tabulation has been made running 10 to 1 in their favor nationally, and about 3 to 1 from their own states. Much of it is from academic communities, and a sizable proportion from businessmen.

A good deal of anti-Administration comment is also abroad in the form of advertisements in newspapers, round robins, petitions and individual talk. Almost every major academic community has taken some form of action. The President is aware of this. According to Charles Mohr in the March 6 *New York Times*, he is acting practically as operations officer on some strikes, selecting targets and receiving progress reports from the "situation room" in the White House at all hours. But he is far from happy in this role. Ted Lewis in the March 10 New York *Daily News* quotes his remarks to a group of educators who called at the White House since the escalation began. "I don't know what will be written about my Administration," Mr. Johnson pondered. "Nothing really seems to go right from early in the morning till late at night."

One can sympathize with the President—up to a point. But the country is more important than the Chief of State, and it is no favor to either to allow him to become the prisoner of an increasingly desperate cabal of war hawks. This is the time for every citizen who has the welfare of the United States at heart to let the President—and the Vice President—know how he feels, to communicate similarly with his Representative and both Senators, to work within any organizations he can influence and in his own neighborhood. Silence may be golden, but not now.

Passive Resistance?

In our March 15 editorial, "Peace Through Bombing," we discussed the chances of North Vietnamese and Russian counterescalation. The Chinese Reds are obviously trying to spur the Russians into returning blow for blow, as if North Vietnam were a Soviet province. The Chinese have a fairly good case from the standpoint of Communist solidarity, since their fighter aircraft are no match for the stuff the Americans can put into the air, while the latest Soviet MIGs can probably give a good account of themselves.

But the Russians—so far—are showing no more alacrity than the Chinese to come forcibly to the aid of the little brown brothers in North Vietnam. Suppose both the Russians and the Chinese continue on the present course of ink-throwing at the American embassy (and even that is no longer freely permitted in Moscow) with vague warnings that imperialist aggression will not go unpunished. They know our purpose—the signal could not be clearer. We are trying to be just beastly enough to get North Vietnam to call it off (assuming it can). Both Moscow and Peking also read the world press, and they know how vocal is the opinion opposing our extension of the war. The British are going along only because they must have our help in Malaysia and, even so, Harold Wilson is in trouble with the left wing of his own party. We get perfunctory support in other quarters, but it is all lip service. No one is really for us; and the French, who command general respect in the diplomatic world, are about as violently opposed as a nominal ally can be.

The Communist camp also knows that escalation, once started, must by all military usage be continued until the objective is gained. In this respect escalation can be a trap. The Chinese would no doubt like to see

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the Russians jump into the fray, but they would probably like even better to see the United States cover itself with shame, and that can quite easily happen without any effort on the part of Peking and Moscow.

The chance that the Vietcong will stop fighting is very small. They have South Vietnam practically cut in two. The present South Vietnamese government is probably no more durable than its predecessors. The Vietcong capability may be somewhat reduced without aid from North Vietnam, but it is quite unrealistic to imagine that the fighting will end. As the United States bombs more and more savagely in the north, the world —and especially Asia—will behold the spectacle of the colossus of the West brutally beating a small Asian country, while the guerrillas in the south continue to wage civil war. That is one horn of the dilemma; the other is a great Asian war. Mr. Johnson must think fast or find himself impaled on one or the other.

Good Sense on China

An unnamed correspondent of *The Times*, London, sent a dispatch to his paper from Peking which *The New York Times* reprinted on March 4. Having arrived in Peking from visits to other parts of Asia, the reporter was struck not so much by the sprawling factories in the outskirts of the city, the new buildings, or the cleanliness of the streets, as by "the clothing that is warm even when it is shabby, the gloves invariably worn by the cycle-ricksha men, the gleaming, undented condition of the buses and trolley cars, and the glowing health of the children." In short, the people are better off, materially, than they were under the Kuomintang and the war lords. An American journalist who wrote in these terms would be limited to the liberal press, which reaches a fraction of 1 per cent of the American people, and could account himself lucky if he was not hauled up before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

A few Americans, however, are so highly placed that they can speak their minds, although even they are circumspect. Addressing the guests at the annual dinner of the United States Steel Corporation on January 26, Thomas W. Gates, former Secretary of Defense under President Eisenhower and now president of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, expressed views on China that represent the sharpest possible contrast with policies he calls "old and tired." Not that Mr. Gates is at all soft on communism, Chinese or any other. He said we must "win" the war in Vietnam (there was still some hope of victory in January) and, naturally, that we must negotiate from a position of strength. He was less conciliatory toward the Russians than President Johnson has been. But then he unfolded ideas about American-Chinese relations that, set alongside the weekly fulminations of *Time* magazine on preventive war, scarcely look as though they could have come from the same general class of influential Americans.

> From a position of strength there is no reason we should not talk to Red China. There are many things we both want. It is not wise to wait too long. National positions already frozen can become so forever. China is on its way and will become soon a highly industrialized nation. We must be open-minded and think first of the Chinese people. . . . China is a puzzle, which they and we really want to solve. I think we should get about it. . . .

Think first of the Chinese people! Such heresy has not been heard since Albert Einstein advised us to think of the security of the Russian people as well as our own. Mr. Gates acknowledged the political sensitivity of his position, only to ignore it. Repeating his emphasis on a position of strength and a clear policy, he maintained that "there is no reason not to talk and compromise in a whole package of problems."

Tentative as it necessarily is, the intelligence of this approach contrasts not only with the bellicosity of one section of the press and the apathy of another, but with the public immobility of the Johnson Administration. The President himself has become almost tongue-tied in foreign affairs. Secretary Rusk is still able to speak—in the fashion of a stuck phonograph needle. The only policy Washington seems to have is that of bombing. When that fails in the southern part of North Vietnam and our air armadas approach the Chinese border, Armageddon will be near. Those responsible for the impasse in Asia would profit by heeding Mr. Gates's views.

The Arts: Crash Program

After eighteen months of study, a thirty-member panel sponsored by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund has issued through McGraw-Hill a report entitled *The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects*. The men who served on this panel are public-spirited citizens; a few are museum directors, theatre producers, educators—administrators and custodians of the arts—but the overwhelming majority are business executives. Not one is known for having written a play or composed a piece of music, not one appears professionally on a podium or stage.

Yet this book-length report does not show that the panelists feel their lack of expert competence. And indeed there is no reason why they should, for essentially they offer a business report, and presumably their business acumen is impressive. As corporate entities, the performing arts do not flourish in America today and these men are fertile with suggestions. The physical plants must be improved and expanded, the territories of existing units must be revised, salary scales must be rationalized, efficiency must be improved by cutting down on stand-by time, the charity dollar of American industry must be rebudgeted to give art a larger segment of the pie, artists must be trained, the public must be educated and a national information center must be set up to facilitate communication. Given these stimuli, art in America will boom.

Will it? On page 299 of this issue Benjamin Boretz reports on Lincoln Center, the most grandiose corporate and government assault on the "art lag" in the world's history. Here facilities have been provided,

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operations have been dovetailed, educational and information units have been set up, and charity dollars have been spent by the millions. Here again no one thought to ask the artists what they needed or what they would like to do. The result of this oversight is Mr. Boretz's story, which we shall not summarize here. But one of his points we may perhaps lift from context: art in this country *is* booming, but if its reverberations are ever to be heard by the people at large, artists themselves must shape the program and set the goals. Money is needed and, however belatedly, America is beginning to understand that it has always starved its artists. But the individuals, foundations and government agencies that now offer this money with open hands are conditioned by the whole experience of their lives to think in terms of what their money will buy. In the world of art, money will *buy* only the past; if there is to be a future, the money must be *given*. Like any other emerging people, artists cannot be propelled into the future; they must get there on their own feet and by their own route.

The Conscience of the South

The appearance of seventy white Southerners in the streets of Selma in support of the Negro demonstrators is the first occasion that an all-white group has taken to the streets of a Southern community to back up the Negro's struggle for civil rights.

Among the Selma demonstrators were three members of the faculty of the University of Alabama: Dr. Frederick Kraus, professor of dentistry; Dr. Ted Klitzke, head of the art department, and Dr. Ed Carlson, a physics professor. "I personally felt," said Dr. Kraus, "it was time to show that a group of demonstrators can have a face other than that of the Negro. We have remained silent for a long time, trying to give moral support to the Negroes. We have waited for changes and improvements but nothing changes, and there are no improvements."

But of course there are changes and improvements. One of the changes is symbolized by the appearance of these white Southern demonstrators in Selma. The conscience of the white South has been stifled but it has never expired. Aubrey Williams, who died earlier this month, was one of a gallant band of white Southerners, living in the South, who had as much to do with the civil rights movement as any Negro and who paid a high price for honoring their intellectual and moral commitments. Years before the bus boycott in Montgomery, Williams raised funds for the local NAACP and worked with its leaders; he supported the boycott when it came. There must have been times in Aubrey Williams' life when he despaired of the cause that was closest to his heart—to stir the conscience of the white South on the racial issue—but he never abandoned it. The appearance of the seventy white demonstrators was a fitting, because a living, memorial to a great and good man who in his lifetime embodied the conscience of the white South.

The McCarran Act

New Lease on Malignancy . . . . . Arval A. Morris

Fifteen years have passed since Congress enacted the McCarran Act (formally known as the Internal Security Act of 1950). This measure was passed over a strongly worded veto message in which President Truman characterized the provisions of the Act as "not merely ineffective and unworkable; they represent a clear and present danger to our institutions." One would expect that over a period as long as this, such a menacing and ill-founded law would have been fully publicized, and that the public would be well informed on its implications. But the past fifteen years have witnessed a hysteria and terror generated by McCarthyism, Birchism and other tensions of the cold war. Under these conditions, it has often been deemed imprudent to criticize openly any "anti-Communist" legislation. Thus, almost all newspapers, magazines and television programs have been silent on the McCarran Act, and the basic problems have been ignored.

The issue is not the Communist Party. It is rather that groups advocating civil rights for Negroes, peace, rent control, a re-evaluation of our policy in Vietnam, disarmament and trade with China—if anyone, on whatever grounds, suspects that they just might be connected with Communists—can be subjected to governmental harassment. That this is what was actually anticipated can be seen from the elaborate structure set up by the McCarran Act. Obviously, the permanence of the governmental bodies created by it was not needed if only one trial—that of the Communist Party—had been anticipated. Proceedings under the Act continue to be held day after day. The time has come to review the need for this law and to evaluate the work of its chief instrument, the Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB).

Even if one assumes its desirability, there were, and are, so many laws against communism that the McCarran Act seems redundant to the point of hysteria.

As of 1950, an abundant number of federal laws could be invoked against Communists. Treason had always been a federal crime, as had been espionage, sabotage and undermining the morale of the military forces. In addition, the Smith Act of 1940 had made it a crime to advocate, by written or spoken word, the violent overthrow of government, or to help organize any group that advocated overthrow, or to conspire with anyone else to do either of the two. The penalty for violating

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the Smith Act is a $20,000 fine or twenty years in prison, or both. Also, since 1940, and under heavy penalty for failure to comply, agents of foreign governments have had to label all their propaganda, to register with the Attorney General, and to disclose the names and addresses of their officers and all contributors to their causes. The Internal Revenue Service had announced that "it has never been our policy to grant tax exemptions or other tax privileges to subversive organizations. . . ." The Secretary of State had denied passports to suspected subversives; materials which advocated "subversion" had been barred from the mails, and radio or television stations that broadcasted such materials could lose their licenses.

Furthermore, aliens, the suspected source of Communist contamination, have always been the subject of much legislation. All aliens are required to register with the Department of Justice. "Subversive" aliens, that is those who believe in violent overthrow of the government, are not allowed into the country and, if found here, are deportable. No alien believing in violent overthrow can become a naturalized citizen. Since 1939, it has been a federal crime for any alien working for the government to be a member of the Communist Party or any similar group.

This last policy has been strongly reinforced by President Truman's Loyalty Order of 1947, and other legislation. Federal loyalty programs apply not only to aliens but to all federal employees. Under these measures, as amended, any federal employee may be fired or disciplined if there is "*reasonable doubt* as to the loyalty of the person involved to the Government of the United States," or "for such cause as will promote the efficiency of the service." These last provisions have resulted in FBI checks into the "loyalty" of considerably more than 2 million federal employees. Thus, it seems clear that the McCarran Act is redundant.

The Act sets forth the broadest and vaguest sedition statute ever enacted in America. Section 4 (a) declares the existence of a new felony, punishable by $10,000 fine or ten years in prison, or both, "for any person knowingly to combine, conspire, or agree with any other person to perform any act which would substantially contribute to the establishment within the United States of a totalitarian dictatorship" under foreign control. No one seems to know what "substantially contribute" means. I know that I don't. Furthermore, this language is so loose that it could be applied in many ways: for example, to a lawyer who defended a Communist in a McCarran Act proceeding; to anyone who contributed to the defense fund in such a case, or to a reporter who wrote an article urging the Act's repeal. Nor is that all. . . .

The Act's principal device for suppression is the five-member Subversive Activities Control Board whose main function is to sit in judgment of organizations cited to it by the Attorney General. Should the board find an organization to be a "Communist action organization," a "Communist front" or "Communist infiltrated," the organization must register with the Attorney General. An "action" organization must list the source of its funds, how its money is spent, the names of its officers and all its members, plus the name of anyone who has been a member during the past year. A "front" and an "infiltrated" organization must divulge the names of officers and sources and expenditures of funds, probably including the names of those who pay dues.

Any member of a registered "action" organization automatically comes under certain disabilities. For example, the Act makes it unlawful for such a member to obtain government employment; to work in any defense installation whether dealing with classified information or not (the recently instituted Robles case in Seattle is an example in point), or to apply for, or renew or attempt to use a passport. This last provision was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court last June.

But the most devastating blow dealt by the member registration provision is semi-official. Surely the main effect of public registration would be to provide a government black list, compiled in the name of patriotism and freedom, which would assure that all the named persons would not thereafter be employed. After all, what corporation would employ a member of a "Communist organization"?

Probably no registered organization could stay in existence, given the high price of membership. However, should a registered organization somehow manage to survive, then its continued existence is automatically branded and in jeopardy. Additional sanctions are applicable. For example, any broadcast sponsored by the organization must be preceded by an announcement that the program is being sponsored by "a Communist organization." And any mailing sent to two or more persons would have to be stamped: "DISSEMINATED BY THE XYZ CLEARANCE ASSOCIATION, A COMMUNIST ORGANIZATION." This brand must appear not only on the item itself, but also on the outside of the envelope or package. Obviously, this provision facilitates the compilation of a list of recipients of "Communist materials," and serves to frighten recipients into removing their names from the organization's mailing list.

The usefulness of these lists may not end here. The second portion of the McCarran Act is entitled: "Emergency Detention." This bizarre section authorizes the setting up of "camps"—it is not clear whether they are emergency detention or concentration camps—in which to imprison Americans in time of national crisis. The Act provides that in the event of (1) invasion of the United States or one of its possessions, (2) declaration of war, or (3) domestic insurrection, the President may proclaim an "Internal Security Emergency." Thereupon, the Attorney General is "authorized to apprehend and by order detain" during such an emergency "each person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts

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of espionage or sabotage." *The New York Times* has reported that six camps have been set up in the United States and are in readiness to detain Americans who qualify as suspected subversives. They are reportedly located at Allenwood, Pa., Avon Park, Fla., El Reno, Okla., Florence, Ariz., Wickenberg, Ariz., and Tule Lake, Calif.

One so-called "guarantee" against a person's being politically railroaded into a "detention" camp is Section 104, subsection (f) that reads as follows: "In case of Board or court review of any detention order, the Attorney General, or such review officers as he may designate, shall present to the Board, the court, and the detainee to the fullest extent possible consistent with the national security, the evidence supporting a finding of reasonable ground for detention in respect to the detainee, but he shall not be required to offer or present evidence of any agents of officers of the Government the revelation of which in his judgment would be dangerous to the security and safety of the United States." In nonlegal language, this means that he may say as much or as little as he sees fit.

Should an organization refuse to register, it becomes liable to a fine of $10,000 for each day of refusal. Furthermore, if the organization fails to register within thirty days, this obligation falls upon the officers as individuals, each of whom is subject to a fine of $10,000 or to imprisonment for five years, or both, for each day he fails in his obligation to register the organization. Finally, if sixty days have lapsed and the organization is not registered, then, subject to the same penalty as for officers, each member must register himself as a "member of a Communist Organization." On the other hand, if an officer or a member of a "Communist Organization" did register, then he might be prosecuted under the Smith Act which makes it a crime to be an active member in, to organize, or to attempt to organize any group like the Communist Party.

The naive thinking that underlies this Act is apparent. It contemplates that groups will voluntarily commit suicide. The underlying thought is that the board will order groups to register because of their undesirable characteristics; then, the expectation is that the groups will comply, thereby punishing themselves. As President Truman said in his veto message, the idea of requiring Communist organizations to register and divulge damaging information about themselves "is about as practical as requiring thieves to register with the sheriff."

Whether or not this fate befalls any particular group depends entirely on the Attorney General. He is charged with the initiative in petitioning the board to pass judgment. It seems clear that the McCarran Act marks a major departure from American freedom and a move toward political trials for persons and groups, with the crucial determinations about the "subversive" nature of an ideology being made by administrative officials.

Strangely enough, money, always a scarce commodity, seems to be in abundant supply for the SACB. Congressional appropriations to the board to administer the Act have climbed steadily. During its first fourteen years, appropriations totaled $4,667,305, ranging from a low in 1951 of $235,000 to a high for 1964 of $425,000. Each board member receives a salary of $20,100, and the remaining funds are spent on such items as personnel salaries, travel and printing. These figures are not complete, for they fail to include additional amounts spent by the Department of Justice, the FBI and other agencies in working up a case for presentation to the board.

Nor do the expenses end with a ruling by the board, for many cases are appealed to the courts. Since 1950, the Attorney General has instituted twenty-five petitions against organizations. Of these, sixteen have resulted in an order that a group register as a "Communist Organization."

The usual petition accuses the organization of having an officer who is also a Communist, but neither his name nor his position is revealed, nor whether he is known to be a Communist to the members of the organization. Usually, the group is further accused of having "received favorable publicity and support through the Communist Party press," and of "non-deviation" from the Communist Party line, e.g., "urging the recognition of and trade with the Chinese People's Republic." It is interesting that the accusation made in three of the petitions was that the group opposed the McCarran Act, and in four others that the group opposed the House Un-American Activities Committee; supposedly, this constitutes following the Communist Party line.

Of the sixteen orders to register, twelve have been appealed to the courts; the remaining four organizations simply dissolved under the pressure. The board has not fared well in the courts. Of the twelve cases, only five were affirmed on their first appeal; five out of the remaining seven were sent back to the board due to some legal defect. Two cases were dismissed outright by the courts. One case has been dismissed after its second appeal, and three others, after having gone through two appeals, were put on the board's "inactive status" because the organizations had dissolved. The courts have upheld the board in five cases, but these had to go to a second appeal, and two are currently pending further legal action.

The point of all this is that the organizations involved must go through extreme legal, political and social harassment at great costs to themselves and to the taxpayer —all in the name of liberty. The case involving the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., is instructive. After a lengthy board hearing, the organization was ordered in 1956 to register as a "Communist Front." After a costly appeal, loss of membership and the passage of time, the registration order was set aside by a federal court in 1963 because the board had failed to establish that the group was actually a "front." It is clear that the operation of this Act subjects the whole system of free political expression to grievous strains.

Also significant is the fact that

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not all the Attorney General's petitions to the board have resulted in orders to register. In two instances, the organizations dissolved under the strain before a board hearing could be held. Perhaps even more dramatic is the fact that several organizations have been hailed before the board, to their great pain and embarrassment, only to discover later that the Attorney General had made a mistake. In each case, the Attorney General later asked that his petition be dismissed. The impact on these organizations is incalculable.

In 1950, the Attorney General petitioned that the board order the Communist Party to register as a "Communist Action Organization." The record of the ensuing hearing involved 507 exhibits—some of book length—a total of 14,413 pages. Finally, in April of 1953, the board issued a 137-page report ordering the party to register. Its decision was appealed to the courts, the basic question being whether the McCarran Act's registration provision was constitutional.

This case went through a lengthy and costly process of litigation during which it was twice sent back to the board to make sure that it had based its findings upon "untainted evidence." It seemed to the courts "that the record was tainted with perjured testimony." One of the government's leading witnesses before the board was Benjamin Gitlow, an officer who had been expelled from the Communist Party in 1929. His disputed testimony covered 1,400 pages and was heavily relied upon by the board when it made its findings of fact about the nature of the Communist Party in 1950 and before. Another government witness, also relied upon, was Joseph Kornfeder "whose demeanor led the Board to examine his testimony with . . . caution." Finally this case reached, and was decided by, the Supreme Court in June of 1961.

One of the threshold questions before the Supreme Court was how much weight ought to be given to the findings of fact made by the board. The matter was resolved by a 5-to-4 vote that, when considered as a whole, the record supported the board's findings. Thus, the Court seems to have given great weight and the benefit of the doubt to the board. It could have required that such decisive charges be proved by clear and convincing evidence. However, it said that a mere preponderance of evidence would be enough.

On the question of constitutionality, the Court held, also by a 5-to-4 vote, that the Act's registration provision was not a bill of attainder, that is, not a legislative finding of guilt regarding the Communist Party. Thus nearly eleven years after passage of the Act, the first registration order was constitutionally upheld. It seems clear that the more unpopular the group, the more harassment its members may now receive. It seems equally clear that such a course would seriously hamper such persons in their exercise of the First Amendment rights and that the board's main function is to control the principle of voluntary membership.

The decision left many bristling constitutional questions unsolved. The Court refused to consider the validity of the sanctions attached to registration, nor did it deal with the constitutionality of requiring "Communist front" organizations to register, or with the provision that denies the benefits of the National Labor Relations Board to "Communist infiltrated" groups. Most importantly, the Court did not rule on whether the required registration of an officer or member of the Communist Party would contravene the privilege against self-incrimination of the Fifth Amendment.

One thing, however, is clear. The Supreme Court's ruling on the registration provision has paved the way for vigorous enforcement of the Act. How vigorous this enforcement will be depends upon the policies pursued by the Attorney General and the board. But any group that takes a position to the left of Center, or whose officer, or even membership, might include an unrepentant former Communist is liable to be brought before the board. Equally serious is the fact that now any organization on the Left, or of any radical tendencies, can be made a proper target for FBI surveillance in its attempt to gather evidence for an Attorney General's petition. Consequently, more and more groups will have to concern themselves with the political purity of their officers, members and friends. Left-leaning groups will find it increasingly difficult to obtain members and money.

Another consequence of sustaining the constitutionality of the Act's registration provisions is that individuals are now being harassed. Prior to 1961, no individual had been ordered to register, but once the green light was given by the Supreme Court, the SACB began hearings involving individuals. Between 1961 and June of 1964, thirty-seven people have been prosecuted before the board, either for having failed to register their organizations, or themselves, and the pace has been quickening. For example, hearings were held for three men and one woman last December 10 in Boston. It has been reported that a husband-wife team who testified against the accused revealed that they joined the Communist Party and sent regular reports to the FBI on the people they met. For this, the FBI paid them some $32,000. Another hearing was held last December 14 for Hyman Lumar, editor of *Political Affairs*, the Communist Party's theoretical organ. Similar hearings have recently been held in the Northwest.

Also, there have been further attempts to register the Communist Party. To date, it has refused to do so, and no officer or member has volunteered for the job. The party has twice been indicted for this failure, the last time being on February 25 of this year.

In an earlier and similar case, a federal appeals court held that the party could not be made to register unless the Attorney General could prove that a person, acting for the party, was voluntarily ready to run the risk of self-incrimination. The recent indictment charges that since February 12, the party "had knowledge of the identity and availability of someone willing to sign the registration form" on its behalf. However, the indictment fails to identify this person. The second trial is scheduled for mid-March.

This problem of availability arises because the Smith Act's membership clause makes it a crime to be a member of any organization such as the Communist Party, or of any group advocating overthrow of the government. In *Scales* v. *United States*, the Supreme Court decided that "membership" meant "active" membership, that is, with full knowledge and intent to achieve the illegal purposes of the organization. Obviously, the officers of the Communist Party, and perhaps

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many members, would qualify as "active."

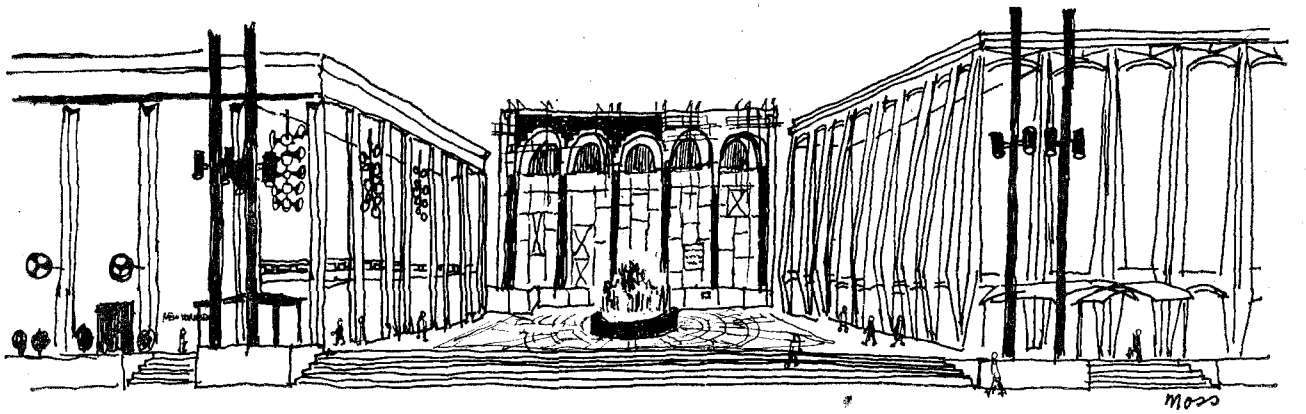
It is unlikely that any officer or director could be compelled to sign a registration statement. To qualify as a person who must register the party, the person would thereby be compelled to reveal his "active" status, and this compulsion surely violates the privilege against self-incrimination. As Mr. Justice Douglas has said, "a compulsory admission of that ingredient of a crime would plainly violate the Fifth Amendment." Thus, it seems improbable that the Communist Party will ever be registered.

The impact of the McCarran Act extends far beyond the Communist Party. Even so, we would be wise to heed the words of Thomas Paine: "He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates his duty, he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself."

The most devastating blow delivered by the McCarran Act bludgeons the very heart of free expression. The core of any practicing democracy consists of an attitude among its people; an attitude of openness, one that is free from fear of reprisal; an atmosphere sympathetic to Americans to exercise to the fullest their freedoms of speech and association. These conditions are necessary if we are to create and discuss novel ways of solving the pressing domestic and foreign problems confronting us. But the McCarran Act puts clamps on these feelings at their very beginnings. The quest for Communists cannot be continued without hysteria and witch hunting. American is divided against American and neighbor mistrusts neighbor. Surely, the time has come to remember that freedom is indivisible and the McCarran Act its enemy.

Lincoln Center

TOMB OF THE FUTURE . . . . . Benjamin Boretz



America's perennial inability to establish a secure public function for the arts, adequate both to their historic stature and to our fundamental cultural objectives, is a major failure of the democratic society, and one that damages us almost as much as Socialist Realism has smothered post-Revolutionary Russian culture under a monumental provincialism. In most other domains, we have been able to rationalize a democratic function for activities formerly identified as the luxurious privileges of an aristocratic or intellectual elite, and have thus justified giving them, in all good democratic conscience, our national support and respect. Speculative science and pure mathematics are recognized as the ultimate sources of socially, economically and militarily spectacular technology; psychology serves the mundane public good as a branch of medicine and in "human engineering"; far-out structural linguistics connects not only with essential wartime cryptanalysis and hermetically efficient language learning but with postwar business and government technology as well. Even modern philosophy has found a place, however specious, as the supposed generator of educational, moral and sociological dogma.

At best, the arts are vaguely regarded as Good Things, and any further awareness is prevented by honest confusion over whether they are really entertainments, businesses, sports, religions, cosmetics, orthopedic appliances or perversions; whether they should be explicitly taxed or indulgently tax-supported (in cases of extreme doubt both approaches are often taken simultaneously); whether their practice should be encouraged and taught at every educational level as a necessary right and privilege of our citizenry, or punished by isolation, economic deprivation and denial of resources necessary to their proper execution. We seem, in short, unable to decide whether our artists would be more appropriately placed on university faculties or television shows, in pulpits or burlesque theatres, amid pantheons for culture heroes or under institutional surveillance.

Out of this tangle of contradictions there has emerged in America a kind of public art that, quite naturally, reflects and magnifies all the ambivalence and weaknesses of the public attitudes that spawned it. We tend to produce heavily money-losing institutions that are nevertheless governed by strict box-office principles in all matters having to do with repertory, artistic enterprise or cultural responsibility. We have developed a highly professional machine for theatrical performance which avoids any work or writer that might ruffle its audience with equivalently high levels of invention or craft.

But perhaps the most damaging

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reflection of our insecurity is that we leave important public activities to be privately supported, and thus also to be governed almost entirely by the whim of the privately moneyed, regardless of public interest or professional need. Indeed, when there has been enlightenment, it has invariably been because a rare wealthy individual happened to have the cultivation and taste to make some original decisions and the conviction and courage to take public risks, rather than because competent professional guidance was invited or followed. The danger of such an approach is that it is as likely to bring forth a Huntington Hartford as a Lincoln Kirstein. Moreover, considering the evanescence and controversiality of our arts' public image, it is hardly to be wondered that our public officials give them a wide berth, with the result that probably no civilized country in history has had so little official recognition of art, and so little official art.

In instances when there has been official support—notably during the Great Depression—it arose more from socio-economic than from cultural considerations. The WPA Arts Project, for example, was essentially devised to support a group of hungry people who happened to be artists but who presumably had as much right to eat as other underprivileged members of society. Under these conditions, art was simply what they produced to preserve the appropriate amenities, a less utilitarian form of road, school or national park.

It is crucial to the development of the current situation that after its initial "Diamond Horseshoe" stage, American patronage found its "serious" side in these depression years, when even many responsible artists confused creative and intellectual responsibility with social awareness and political consciousness. Thus the patrons who formed the sincere "loyal opposition" to the cultural Establishment were oriented as much to social issues as to art; and the characteristic results of their concerns were institutions like the Guggenheim Memorial Band Concerts in the New York parks, and the New York City Center for Music and Drama, whose principal aims were municipal rather than creative. Indeed, the City Center was established as the direct result of Mayor LaGuardia's failure to induce the Metropolitan Opera to accept civic responsibility; it was to be an alternative providing the same "culture" as the Met did, at prices everyone could afford. No one ever questioned the artistic attitudes and literature that the tastes of a few bankers and lawyers had enthroned at the Met (and the Philharmonic); on the contrary, it seemed especially important that what was offered to all the people by the City Center be precisely the same as what prevailed at the carriage-trade institutions, so that the assertion of the public's fully equal right of access to the amenities of the privileged would be uncompromised by dubious experimentation.

Aside from the other, serio-comic, aspects of LaGuardia's low-down and frequently dictatorial advocacy of culture for New York's citizens (and his animosity to contemporary art sometimes rivaled that of his distinguished colleagues in Central and Eastern Europe), the real tragedy has been the definitive role this attitude played in establishing the quality of American patronage. Thus, in the present period of great cultural-intellectual growth, the hold of primarily *political* approaches, public and private, remains complete everywhere outside a few select universities. And in the debate among the adherents of "art for the socially elite" (no longer openly self-declared but unmistakably represented in almost pure form by the Metropolitan Opera), "art for the underprivileged masses" (best represented by the City Center), and "art for the affluent many" (Lincoln Center's principal contribution to the public art concept), there is no one to guard, proclaim, or even gently remind anyone of the arts themselves, which are simply capital-lettered into abstract nonexistence.

How our creative professions have managed under these conditions not only to survive, but to flourish beyond any other postwar artistic community, is a matter for wonder. In a certain sense, the prevailing confusion has itself been a contributory factor, throwing up a protective screen behind which our professionals were free to function, insofar as they could afford to function as artists at all, entirely on their own terms. They were able to create, faceless though they were to the public, an "inside" professional situation (largely within the above mentioned universities). Since no one cared, they could concentrate entirely on producing an art that would live up to their own superior standards. But no matter how lively or significant their work has made "our" creative culture, the "art public" as a whole derives no benefit from it, has little access to it, or any means through which to identify with or value it, and is even largely unaware of its existence. For the result of our confusion has been to short circuit the continuity between the public manifestations of art and their creative sources.

Thus our artists have pursued their independent development at a heavy price, since the inevitable result of such a situation is to increase, rather than diminish, their isolation, misunderstanding and neglect. We are confronted by the spectacle of an artistic literature of major international stature that is regarded by those who ought to be its most enthusiastic public promulgators with shame and embarrassment for all but its most derivative and trivial aspects.

The real magnitude of this schism and its ultimate implications emerges only when the hyperactive conscience of our overwhelming wealth suddenly discovers the arts' plight. In other fields, the large foundation grants given to their most conspicuous public aspects tend to trickle affluence down through the entire professional structure, eventually benefiting and supporting basic research hidden far from public concern or view. But when our large public grantors have confidently applied the same technique to the arts, the results have been catastrophic. Surely no one has yet been able to forget the humiliation that the Ford Foundation suffered from its multimillion-dollar program of opera commissions, whose principal public reward was derision, embarrassment and empty houses, and whose professional impact—the degree to which any substantial segment of the musical world felt itself benefited, stimulated, affected or even noticed—was virtually zero. This, in turn, creates an even more serious problem since so much money, thus uselessly spent, is no longer available for potentially useful spending. Still more dangerous is the possibility that not only will such institutions as Ford feel once burnt, twice shy

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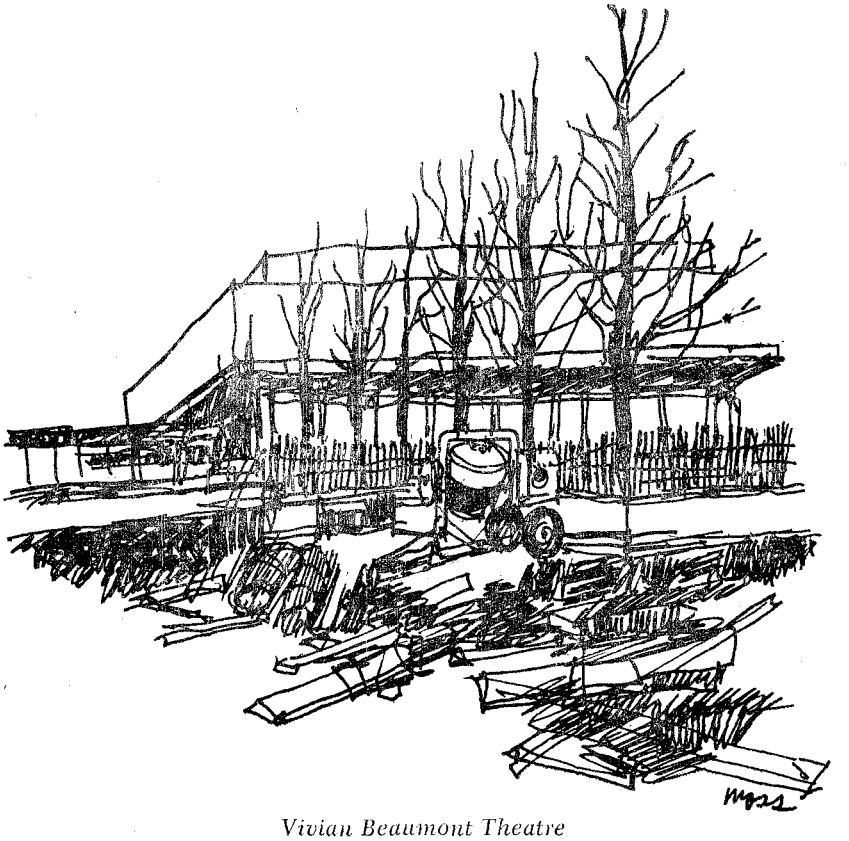
(and the sensitivity of foundation administrators to being unloved or unappreciated is extreme), but that in not realizing that they have poured their sustenance into a severed and dead branch, they may assume that the entire organism is beyond help.

We are, therefore, at a critical juncture: now that foundation and government officialdom have begun to show a renewed awareness of responsibility in the arts, the danger is greatest that the peculiarities of the situation will lead them in the wrong directions.* Properly directed, on the other hand, their power for good is limitless, especially considering the economic modesty of even the most wildly ambitious projects in the arts when compared with the requirements of the most routinely approvable programs in scientific research. Thus it becomes a matter of essential public concern that every large-scale project proposing to advance the public arts in America be subject to the most careful and intense scrutiny to determine whether its power to shape our artistic future has been responsibly considered.

Such considerations have long been disturbingly obvious to every responsible member of the artistic community; yet the critical questions seem to have remained unasked in our journals of public opinion, and the critical scrutiny restricted to occasional discussions of acoustics, personalities and labor-management relations. Meanwhile, in the very midst of our most vital cultural center, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts was proposed, announced, initiated, constructed, inhabited and convulsed in bitter intramural controversy, all of which has been duly, and for the most part reliably, reported in the public press. But although this enormous complex of structures, organizations and euphemistic pronouncements is the most monumental American institution ever devoted to the arts, and the most tangible evidence of official American commitment to them, involving huge amounts of public funds and public assistance, it was allowed to grow up in our midst in an atmosphere of complete self-sufficiency, undisturbed by public inquiry and seemingly unencumbered by any responsibility for public justification or explanation. For most New Yorkers, an air of mystery surrounded those great gray hulks going up in silence under their wraps at Lincoln Square; their very extravagance exuded a faint sense of Jimmy Walker-era conspiracy, and despite all the reassuring proclamations of dedication to the public good, one had the feeling that, wherever the real party was, the public had somehow been left uninvited. And as far as the artistic community was concerned, one knew of none of its members who had ever been consulted by the Lincoln Center planners to discover what needs and objectives they would regard as essential in their fields, and would expect to find taken into account in any comprehensive public project. Yet the critical nature of the planning decisions made in such a project hardly needs further belaboring here: no one was likely to start raising another $200 million to build adequate houses for opera, theatre, orchestral music, ballet or chamber music, should those at Lincoln Center turn out to be inadequate, any more than many foundations would be likely to exercise their "freedom" to compete with Ford in giving $8-million grants wherever Ford's might leave essential gaps achingly unfilled.



Vivian Beaumont Theatre

Beyond this, other questions insistently demanded to be asked: how had the need in New York for these particular types of new facilities been determined; what steps had been taken to insure that the environments created and resources provided would reflect contemporary artistic attitudes and concepts; what works would be performable in them that were not feasible in existing houses; what criteria governed the choice of participating institutions; to what general creed of public or artistic responsibility did they have to subscribe in becoming constituents; and what specific conditions were being invoked to insure the implementation of such responsibilities? In particular, it was important to know what would be done to develop an enlightened, receptive, mature audience and to bring it into contact, at last, with its rightful creative heritage; to discover upon what single basic premise about the needs and prospects of American cultural life this ungainly fusion of travertine-fronted conspicuous consumption, Title I,

*Confirmation of which was already available in the *Times* of February 26, from whose report on the hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on the Arts one learns that the only representative of the artistic world to testify was the opera singer Risë Stevens; and earlier in the same week it was announced that the music profession would be represented on the President's Advisory Committee on the Arts by Leonard Bernstein and Richard Rodgers.

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socialite fund-raising, foundation megapatronage, and civic-minded mass culture was raising its ever more ineluctable head.

As a rather more than casually interested observer of these events, I had always looked assiduously to the publicly available literature for enlightenment, but entirely without success. Like everyone else, I learned early of Philharmonic Hall's unmistakable deficiencies, but then as now its lack of success seemed to stem from far more essential, more subtly operative considerations than acoustics, seating or "warmth" (some of which I speculated on in my regular column [*The Nation*, October 27, 1962] reporting the opening week's events). When the rumblings of internal dissension erupted into ugly public controversy, whose most predictable consequence was the further discrediting of the entire contemporary artistic world, I determined to set out on what seemed an eminently reasonable quest: to ask the people most directly involved in Lincoln Center some of the questions formulated above, to discover what they hoped for and claimed as Lincoln Center's potential and actual contributions to our existing cultural activity.

From the beginning, however, the utter fatuousness of my "eminently reasonable" questions was obvious. Lincoln Center, as it turned out, grew out of no general cultural concern, no fundamental premise whatever. Nor could the question of appropriate choices of constituents ever have arisen, any more than the opportunity have been taken to force them, for once, to live up to their responsibilities by attaching moral conditions to their public subsidization. For Lincoln Center was from the very beginning simply the creature of these institutions themselves, and was designed for no more lofty or adventurous purpose than to provide new houses for the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

From various sources, I was able to assemble a composite account of the project's origins that was relatively consistent: essentially, it can be traced back as far as the Metropolitan's original search for a new home before World War I, and then to Rockefeller Center, whose major cultural adornment was to be a new Metropolitan Opera House until Otto Kahn and the Rockefellers quarreled and Kahn withdrew the Metropolitan at the last embarrassing moment, leaving the Center with a vast lacuna that later became the Center Theatre. Rockefeller Center is acknowledged to be, in its basic planning concept and technique of assembly, the real prototype for Lincoln Center, with which it has such other fundamental links as prominent Rockefeller involvement and the architectural services of Wallace K. Harrison.

Following World War II, the Metropolitan's efforts focused on two other major projects: an attempt to include an opera house in the plans for the New York Coliseum complex, toward which the company actually raised $1 million in 1954; and an option on the present site of the Seagram Building, which was quickly abandoned as inadequate in size. The Coliseum project, though ultimately vetoed by Robert Moses, provided the real impetus for Lincoln Center; up to then, the Metropolitan's jealously guarded snobbery, its unwillingness to be regarded as a public cultural institution or to associate with socially inferior organizations on such a basis, had kept its building search entirely intramural. But the Coliseum was so unequivocally public that the conspicuously privileged Metropolitan could hardly be slipped in without raising serious questions about propriety in the use of public funds. Thus common cause had at last to be made with other organizations to create a "community" in which the sum of a collection of special-interest groups would be an Essential Democratic Institution requiring public aid. Events moved swiftly thereafter: knowing of the Philharmonic's concern over the impending demolition of Carnegie Hall, and of John D. Rockefeller, III's availability to head a major cultural project, Anthony Bliss, president of the Metropolitan, met first with a Philharmonic board member, then with Rockefeller. At the same time, Robert Moses suggested the urban-renewal project at Lincoln Square as a substitute for the rejected Coliseum proposal.

It was at this point that a series of purely political and pragmatic considerations determined the organizational make-up and site layout that were later proclaimed as the Lincoln Center Idea. And, although his name had been uncharacteristically inconspicuous in this project, it was Robert Moses' celebrated ability to get things done, if largely through a prodigious lack of taste or of any concern for *how* they are done, that ultimately determined some of the most "sensitive" aspects of the Lincoln Center project, aspects that were publicly attributed to the profound deliberation of committees of responsible citizens and expert consultants. Thus the original "package" of Fordham's Law School, the Metropolitan - Philharmonic - Rockefeller complex, the Juilliard School of Music, and Title I housing was put together by Moses. Almost immediately, however, the pressure began to build up from institutions which claimed a much more obvious right to public consideration than these private organizations, and eventually from the city administration, which backed such claims and added demands of its own. By December, 1955, one could read in the City Center's house magazine *Center* that "A tract of some eight acres in Manhattan has been set aside . . . for the relocation of the Metropolitan Opera Association and the New York Philharmonic Society. . . . It would be a fairly simple problem of relocation if only the two institutions were involved, but almost every cultural and educational organization in the city is now eyeing the new development with anxious envy. Will there be a place for us, too? . . . will the [concert] hall have a stage in which scenery can be hung? . . . what of the theatre of the spoken word, and of small-scaled opera? . . . is there enough space for a chamber-music hall? . . . In order to explore some of these redoubtable questions, *Center* will, in its next issue, attempt to investigate some of the chances, dangers, hopes, and fears of the ideal Performing Arts Center."

The promised (or threatened) discussion never materialized, but Lincoln Center for Music did indeed become "for the Performing Arts" (after the appointment to its board of Lincoln Kirstein, general director of the New York City Ballet), and included in its plans a city-owned theatre, authorized by the state (and paid for, I am reliably informed, by a unilateral diversion of funds from the New York State Pavilion of the World's Fair), to house the activities of the City Center. State involvement led quickly

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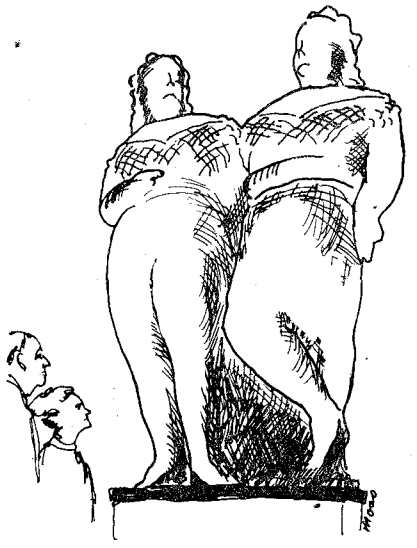
to the inclusion of a "musical theatre" to be directed by Richard Rodgers (coincidentally the chairman of the New York State Arts Council), which is so unavoidably popular and commercial in character that even Lincoln Center has not yet been quite able to euphemize it into high culture virtue. And city involvement led to the establishment of a Damrosch Park, and the central plaza and fountain, whose primary guiding principle in design and concept was apparently to qualify the entire site for an official "park" designation, thus placing the cost and responsibility for maintaining *all* its outdoor areas on the New York City Park Department. Then, the New York Public Library requisitioned a site for its music and dance collections, and a private donor contributed the Vivian Beaumont Theatre to house the one indigenous creature of Lincoln Center itself: the unhappy New York State Repertory Theatre. The precise hindsight prescience with which Lincoln Center's own brochure describes this remarkably haphazard process is, even for public relations men, a bit transparent: "To complete the representation of the performing arts and education, chief supporters of the Lincoln Center idea also sought to include institutions for the dance, drama, operetta, and a library and museum."

The brochure is also illuminating on the subject of the adequacy of the financial planning involved in Lincoln Center, an area in which the bankers and lawyers who comprise almost all the membership of all the boards concerned might have been expected to be competent. As the brochure so disarmingly relates, the "initial cost estimate—too low, as it turned out—was $55 million. To this the committee added $20 million, which included funds for educational, creative, and artistic advancement and construction contingencies [*sic*]. . . . Early in 1963, a thorough review was undertaken . . . this review, projecting through mid-1966, showed the total cost of Lincoln Center—plant and education and creative programs—to be $160.7 million." Some sample margins of error: Philharmonic Hall was underbudgeted by some 250 per cent, the Metropolitan and the Beaumont Theatre by 100 per cent, the New York State Theatre was estimated at $17 million and constructed for $25 million.

And the manner in which artistic needs were taken into account at this critical stage is also well conveyed: "In the Spring of 1956, Mr. Rockefeller went to Europe with Mr. [Wallace] Harrison and Anthony A. Bliss . . . to study cultural institutions in London, Paris, Vienna, Milan, Strasbourg, Cologne." Not only does this list omit the



cities where the most important new concepts in music-performance structures had then been realized (Hamburg and Berlin come immediately to mind), but one wonders what this expedition, innocent of anyone professionally involved in any aspect of the arts, used as the relevant bases for its conclusions—which included the momentous decision that "a performing arts center was feasible and desirable."* Whereupon an architects' committee was formed to draw up a "master plan," under Mr. Harrison's direction. Again, no artistic practitioners were involved as consultants (with the single exception of Jo Mielziner as "collaborating designer" of the independently financed Vivian Beaumont Theatre), and the participating architects were far more recognizable as fixtures of the architectural Establishment than for any previous contributions in the "performing arts" field.

*Precisely the same level of verbal cogency, intellectual subtlety, and cultural sensitivity are reflected in the report of the most recent Rockefeller-headed project, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Panel on the Performing Arts in America, whose findings have just been made publicly available.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that constant conferences produced hundreds of individual master-plan ideas, but no consensus. Again, Mr. Moses came to the rescue: if Messrs. Harrison, Saarinen, Abramovitz, Johnson, Belluschi and Bunshaft could not agree on the physical appearance and quality of the future of American culture, Mr. Moses had no such compunctions, and by fixing irrevocably the precise design and boundaries of his pet Damrosch Park (complete with Guggenheim band shell for those insufferable outdoor concerts), he effectively determined the western boundary of the State Theatre and the southern boundary of the Metropolitan Opera House, and hence the basic relationships of all the principal structures. After this, everyone went his own way, with Mr. Abramovitz's roadway leading from his Philharmonic Hall to Mr. Johnson's State Theatre, Mr. Johnson's plaza and fountain mediating between his State Theatre and Mr. Abramovitz's Philharmonic Hall, Mr. Harrison's Metropolitan Opera House glowering down from the rear central position as though the other two were only its intermediary portico, and all done, as the brochure again relates, not with any concern for the most advanced needs envisioned by artists in any of these domains, but "to meet the special needs of [each building's] principal performing group, and the constituents were to be continually consulted during planning and construction." Whatever hints of shortcomings in responsibility or artistic vision these "existing institutions" had ever revealed were not, in this project designed to "serve performers and audiences for generations," to be counterbalanced, examined or challenged, but perpetuated more "officially" and irreparably than ever.

Once I had assimilated this hard fact, all that remained was to find out what needs the constituents themselves, given this kind of carte blanche, may have seen fit to fill, in the outside hope that perhaps the new prominence of their public exposure and the new glamour of their surroundings, or perhaps the assurance that new audiences were certain to be attracted by such spectacular settings, would spur them to some degree of new adventurousness or self-awareness. In the

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case of the Philharmonic, the answer was all too clearly at hand: after a first season of new, if timid, commissions, and a second season that featured an undeniable, if gingerly presented, "*avant-garde* festival," the third season has been the most dismal in decades—but even at best, nothing it has done at Lincoln Center has been remotely as exploratory as the most ordinary Carnegie Hall season during the Mitropolous days. Despite Lincoln Center, the decline of the Philharmonic has continued to the point where it is hardly a major cultural institution any longer, and in a period of renewed vitality in the orchestral domain it seems less vigorous and alert than the orchestras in Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia or Boston, or even such small ensembles as those in Buffalo and St. Louis. Such problems are beyond the reach of acousticians, and one can only wonder why the provision of such an expensive and publicly exposed nursing home was deemed by anyone a warrantable public expense.

Of the original constituents, this left the Metropolitan Opera, whose discouraging traditions made the possibilities for significant improvement almost limitless. In all determined optimism, I went to see Herman Krawitz, the Met's business manager, whose attempted seduction by the Lincoln Center administration to replace the directors of the New York State Repertory Theatre almost destroyed the Center's last vestige of communality (most of which had already disappeared in the fight, just preceding, over booking rights at the New York State Theatre). Mr. Krawitz, whose unique competence as an administrator is universally acknowledged around Lincoln Center, is essentially a theatre manager, so that he was able to discuss and describe Metropolitan Opera policy without taking personal responsibility for its formulation.

To begin with, I asked whether there were any works that could be performed in the new house that could not have been attempted in the old, to which the blunt answer was, "None."

But were there no new physical resources that would accommodate the demands of recent and future works and approaches beyond the capacity of the present house?

Again, the answer was no—not even recording facilities. But actually, Krawitz maintained, the point was that the old house was already capable of accommodating anything the Met might conceivably wish to perform—and could be stretched to do anything in the existing repertory—a consideration which, admittedly, made a "save the Met" campaign an uncomfortable likelihood. I was reminded of a remark made by another prominent Lincoln Center official: "One more disaster like the rescue of Carnegie Hall and we're dead."

On the other hand, according to Krawitz, there were distinct limits on what the Met thought it *ought* to do, especially in view of its "National Image," and its fundamental responsibility to its subscriber group, patrons and board of directors. Even money is a lesser consideration than the requirement of the Met's "image" that the house (3,600 seats, more or less, in both the new and the old) be substantially filled for every performance. Under these conditions, productions of such classics as Berg's *Wozzeck*, Verdi's *Falstaff*, Debussy's *Pelleas*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, are regarded as dangerously far out—gestures toward "a better educated audience." "Nothing would please us more than to find new operas, but we must do works that have a reasonable chance of attracting an audience. And since there are few *avant-garde* works that could, we think we are simply the wrong company to attempt to fill that role."

But if the creative present and future of opera can be realized only outside large opera houses, what possible justification is there for yet another new obsolete house to be built at public expense? And why did the Met regard a new house as essential in the first place?

Here, as everywhere else in Lincoln Center, came the recurrent answer: "Existing facilities are totally inadequate." When one pushes for the nature and extent of this inadequacy, it amounts mainly to discomfort and inefficiency rather than feasibility. And when one pushes further to discover specifically what the nature of the new adequacy would comprise, there is invariably proud enumeration of superior dressing rooms, orchestra pits, numbers of good seats, electronic lighting boards, side stages, elevators, rehearsal rooms, facilities for expansion—all unquestionably true, but totally irrelevant to any fundamental rethinking of either the role or the technique of a 20th-century company functioning in a 20th-century artistic world. Nor is there any sense that the move to Lincoln Center betokens either the desirability or necessity of a change of any kind.

Against such a background, I was particularly interested in the New York City Ballet Company, not only because it was the only Lincoln Center constituent whose tradition was based on creative exploration and an evolving repertory, but to discover how the grant of nearly $8 million it had received from the Ford Foundation had affected its functioning. Moreover, Lincoln Kirstein, who founded the company and still heads it, and whose personality, energy and personal fortune have dominated it and kept it alive over the past thirty years, is a man of altogether superior cultivation and education. Kirstein is clearly angered and embittered by the dishonesty, vulgarity and cynicism that he sees enveloping the Center project; his personal experiences with the Center direction have been notably unhappy, first resulting in his resignation from the board in 1959, and lately in his ultimately victorious struggle with the Schuman-Rockefeller administration for control of the New York State Theatre. Yet, from the very first, Kirstein was quick to disabuse me of any notion that he envisioned a larger responsibility in moving to Lincoln Center; the ballet needed a new home, demanded complete autonomy, was interested in no cooperative enterprises, regarded the central direction as a necessary but despicable charade, and would pursue precisely its customary course, except in greater splendor.

Were any new ballets commissioned for the opening season? The Lincoln Center Fund had allocated $200,000 for new ballets during the World's Fair period, but most of that had gone to restaging old works. However, two new ballets, Balanchine's *Harlequinade* and Taras' *Shadowed Ground*, were commissioned. What about new ballet scores from American composers? The two names mentioned, Nicolas Nabokov and Toshiro Mayuzumi, hardly represent contemporary

(Continued on page 319)

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23 Years in Franco's Jails . . . . Manuel Amblard

Manuel Amblard, son of a wealthy Spanish family, fought on the Republican side of the Civil War. After Franco's victory, he became an active foe of the regime, was caught, escaped, rearrested, paroled several times.

Señor Amblard is an artist who turned to writing during his imprisonment. He smuggled several novels out of prison and is currently revising them for publication in this country.

This article was translated by Gregory Rabassa.

Paris

Spain has been in a kind of turmoil since the end of January. This has been especially true of Madrid, Barcelona and Bilbao. A labor union meeting in Madrid, attended by representatives of a million construction workers, generated an atmosphere of protest that came close to subversion. Workers from the Pegaso, Marconi and other large factories had organized a 12-mile march into the city. Twice they were met by police, and the second time, as they were about to enter Madrid across the Praga bridge, the police attacked violently and there was bloodshed. A nucleus did manage to reach the scene of the union meeting. Students assembled in a street running alone the Palacio de Communicaciones and then poured out into La Cibeles in the center of town, tossing café chairs into the middle of the street to tie up traffic.

Disorders like this are a surprise in Franco's Spain. They contrast strangely with the signs one still sees around—large posters on the walls and smaller signs that all merchants must keep in their windows or face fines and reprisals: "Twenty-five years of peace." This campaign was the idea of Minister Fraga Iribarne and it is wily: no people wants peace more than the Spaniards, bled white in a horrible civil war and still suffering the consequences. The workers who march on Madrid and clash with the police want it; so do the students who stop traffic and challenge the authorities. Even the police who defend the regime want peace, and will attack only when ordered by their superiors.

Workers and students in Spain feel that they have been the victims of those "twenty-five years of peace." They have suffered because of them and they know that peace is meaningless if it is not employed in the service of life. To flee this gloomy, oppressive peace, Spaniards have been crossing the Pyrenees into the developed nations of Europe, some of them by train and with passports in order, others clandestinely over the mountains, loaded down with their cheap wooden suitcases and their progeny. While Franco claims to be industrializing Spain (by monopolies and beyond the scrutiny of an audit), the countryside is becoming abandoned, and rural workers who do not go abroad are flocking into the cities, leaving the villages empty. Even the official press tells of whole villages being sold to tourist enterprises—the latest one went, church and all, for 50,000 pesetas, a little over $800.

I have come to my subject of Spanish prisons by way of this introduction because the lie of "twenty-five years of peace" is inextricably tied up with that other lie—that there is in Spain no such thing as a political prisoner.

At the end of the Civil War, one could state without exaggeration that one-half of the nation was either in exile or in jail. Spain, as someone commented, was "a country occupied by its own army." Convents, seminaries, bull rings, tobacco warehouses, even universities—any buildings that had solid walls and bars on their windows—were converted to prisons or concentration camps. Then the screening started, and all those who could prove that they had been drawn into the conflict against their will were released; those left were condemned to the firing squad, the garrote or sentences of twenty to thirty years for crimes against common law and human decency. There were no political prisoners.

This prison population of both sexes was made up of peasants, workers, merchants, petty bourgeoisie and intellectuals, all without previous records, who had been sentenced by military tribunals in which defense had been impossible, found guilty of rebellion or support of rebellion according to the military code and without proof. In the records of some decisions there is mention that a crime "supposedly has been committed" or "could have

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been committed." Villages were decimated to avenge a single killing.

The second phase of reprisal began with the start of underground resistance after the war. Communists, Socialists, anarchists, Basque and Catalan nationalists kept the fires of opposition burning from almost the very moment when the regime became established. Executions numbered in the thousands. Almost all the victims were Communists, since they were the ones in charge of guerrilla bands active in the hills and in the cities; but other groups also paid their quotas to imprisonment, torture and the execution wall. This period of violent opposition ended with the luckless invasion across the Pyrenees in 1944.

The third phase, which followed, might be called legal resistance. There was no more guerrilla warfare and practically no more terrorism. The JOC (Juventudes Obreras Católicas) and the FLP (Frente de Liberación Popular) appeared on the scene alongside older political and labor organizations, among them the FUE, a student group. Resistance began to work along legal lines. Executions became fewer but they did not entirely cease, as can be seen by the shootings of Beneito in Granada and Grimau in Madrid.

But the jails kept filling up, because even though legal means were used, the opposition was organized, and in Spain no one has the right to organize anything unless he is a supporter of the regime. Military courts still handed down sentences of thirty and forty years, and police stations were still the scenes of torture. Violence was now restricted to Franco's side. A system of pardons was introduced at this time which allowed for conditional or supervised freedom, but there were so many exceptions that the number of pardons never equaled the number of death sentences commuted to long terms, or of rearrests. Finally, in 1962, a law was passed pardoning all those who had served twenty years without parole. It was then that Marcos Ana was released and, among many others, the author of this article. A year later another still broader pardon reduced the number of prisoners considerably. But then arose the problem of the men released—those who had gone in young and come out mature, those who had gone in mature and come out old, people who returned home after fifteen or twenty years to find wives and children who looked on them as strangers. In addition to the time that had passed, prolonged imprisonment had wrought changes in their character, it was difficult to adapt to the new life, and there was great hostility toward them and their ideas. For many, especially for the intellectuals, the doors of employment were closed.

All during these three phases, from 1939 to 1964, the government has firmly denied the existence of political prisoners. They had been mixed in with common criminals, thieves and murderers, and received the same treatment—except when it was worse. They were forbidden, and still are, to read newspapers; not only those published abroad and which might confirm their own ideas, but even those sponsored by the regime itself. The only newspaper that ever circulated in the prisons was a weekly published expressly for the prisoners and which, with boring regularity, repeated the official declarations that there were no political prisoners.

It is not likely that this lie was believed abroad, but in Spain, where first the press and radio, and then television kept repeating it, and where no one was allowed to deny it with any effect (Radio España Independiente is always jammed), a great many people of good will had come to believe it. Beyond that, many Spaniards did not realize how many years the political prisoners had been in jail. Very strangely, some people who had been jailed years later for having worked in favor of an amnesty for these prisoners were startled when they came face to face with men who had been locked up for twenty years or more; for not even they had believed that the repression had been so stiff.

The struggle for freedom of beliefs has continued even within the prisons themselves during these last twenty-five years. In the first phase, during and immediately following the war, Mass was said in many prisons with the Falangist flag used as an altar cloth and the celebrant, at the end of the Mass, raising his hand in the Fascist salute from the altar for the singing of *Cara al Sol,* the anthem of the Falange. The Mass in those days was a purely political act, and the sermons would consist of insults, curses and excoriation directed at the conquered.

Confession and communion were not obligatory, but there was so much official pressure that some found it hard to resist. Commutation of sentence was promised to condemned men who would receive communion, but these promises were not kept. In the provincial prison of Santander it happened that during a general communion which included also the religious and military authorities the latter were surprised at the small number of prison communicants — a handful of prisoners in the first row near the altar—and the guards were ordered to bring others up front, men who did not wish to receive communion, and who had not even been to confession. A great many resisted, but some knelt down and received communion by force.

Each year, a week of special sermons preceded the Easter communion. These were generally in the hands of the Jesuits or the Dominicans, since those two orders were disputing the chaplaincy of prisons. As far as I know there was only one exception among these preachers and that was García Morente. A philosopher and collaborator with Ortega y Gasset on the *Revista de Occidente,* he had taken orders after the war and went to preach in the prison hospital of Yeserías, in Madrid. He was astounded by the large attendance; when he was told that the men had arrived four abreast and to the sound of a bugle, he protested and said that henceforth he would speak only to those who wanted to hear him. The prisoners filled the hall as a token of gratitude.

Protestants and communicants of other religions (except the Moors) were also forced to attend Mass. I recall the case of Marcel Eichner, a Jew, who remained standing as a protest during the elevation of the Host and who was placed in a punishment cell for his action. As for the Spaniards, even those who declared themselves agnostics were told that the fact that they had been baptized made them Catholics, and that they could cease to be so only by swearing a formal oath of denial. Every possible difficulty was put in the way of taking the oath.

In 1961, José Satué, who had obtained permission in other prisons not to attend Mass, demanded the same right at Burgos. He was pun-

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ished; other prisoners backed him up and suffered the same fate. Finally religious authorities outside the General Administration of Prisons stated that the prisoners were right, and that such a requirement was contrary to the very spirit of the encyclicals of Pope John XXIII.

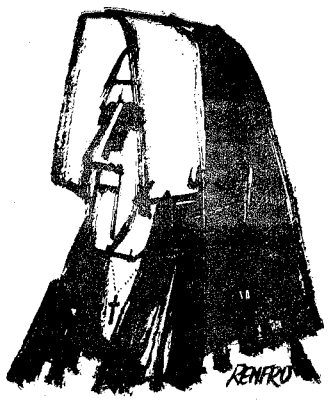
The pressures exercised by priests and nuns on the dying, especially in the early days, were cruel. For one thing, they would keep these sick in complete isolation from the other prisoners, even though some of the inmates might be doctors, nurses or interns. As far as the treatment of sick prisoners is concerned, I need only mention the case of the official physician in Burgos. An incompetent who had never performed an operation, he decided that he would become a surgeon by practicing on the inmates. His mistakes were so brutal even in the simplest of operations that the Medical Society of Burgos forbade him to operate. There were competent physicians in the prison hospital of Yeserías, but some were so imbued with political hatreds that when someone died on the operating table they would remark, "one less Red to worry about."

With a few worthy exceptions, nuns did not do their duty in the prisons. In the years when they were in charge of the kitchens they stole the rations—and this at a time when many prisoners died of hunger. Finally the General Administration of Prisons decided to replace them with civil servants.

Bad sanitary conditions went along with bad diet. In the Burgos prison water was drawn from wells which had been contaminated by drainage from the sewers. Because of this, colitis was endemic and became critical in summer. In 1961, arrangements were made to pipe in water from the city of Burgos. Ninety per cent of those who have been released from prison after long captivity suffer from incurable ailments of the digestive tract.

In the early years, until 1943, many died of hunger and vitamin deficiency. In El Dueso, the prison population shrank so dramatically that the General Administation of Prisons thought that there must be an epidemic, none of the deaths being attributed to hunger.

The censorship of books and magazines was the responsibility of the chaplains, who almost always



followed criteria even more restrictive than those of the General Administration of Prisons. The works of Ortega y Gasset were banned, as were many books by Galdós, Valera and Unamuno. In the early years, the study of English was practically a criminal offense, for it was the time of World War II and such study might be construed as pro-Allied. Some prisoners were shot because they had studied Russian.

The procedures followed in the plastic arts were even more quaint. Abstract painters would be required to explain what their paintings meant and would then be prohibited from showing them. Because Picasso had painted the dove of peace, it was forbidden not only to paint doves, but any other kind of bird. Previously, when a rose had been named for Stalin, it was forbidden to paint flowers. The case of the Basque sculptor, Goico-Aguirre, should also be remembered. He had been asked to carve a life-size figure of Christ with the promise of a reduction in sentence. Since the hands of the figure (with nails through them) were closed, the chaplain or the warden said that it was a "Red" Christ. The sculptor refused to change the hands and some incompetent substituted others, much too small. In 1962, this figure of Christ was still in the main room of the infirmary at Burgos.

Until 1945, all prisoners were required to give the Roman salute and sing every day the four anthems of the regime: *Cara al Sol*, the *Oriamendi* of the Requetés, the Royal March and, without ever knowing why, the anthem of the Legion (formerly the Foreign Legion).

Even when morale was high the long imprisonment produced mental illnesses ranging from prison psychosis (after five years) to incurable madness, as happened to the Jewish prisoner, Marcel Eichner, mentioned above. And the prospect of being sent to the prison sanitarium in Madrid filled everyone with terror, for it was a nightmare.

Discipline did not exist in Franco's jails; it had been replaced by terror. Many of the brutalities of the early days were committed by officials who were not professional penal workers but army veterans, most of them illiterate, who were incapacitated or ill-suited for other jobs, and who avenged their wounds and shortcomings on the defeated. When these guards were retired and replaced by young men who had no old political scores to settle and who had attended the School of Penal Studies, treatment was better. It was interesting to observe the reaction of these boys when they found themselves face to face with political prisoners of whose existence they had been unaware. In the school they had been told that their mission was one of great merit: the education and rehabilitation of criminals, so that they could become useful members of society. When they found themselves guarding men who were perfectly honest and in many cases better educated than themselves, some of these young men became so upset that they resigned from the service.

The isolation in which political prisoners have been kept is so complete that no official foreign commission has ever managed to visit them. I can remember only one visit in twenty-three years, that of two women from UNESCO, one French and the other Scandinavian, who were permitted a very quick visit. They asked to see files and were shown the dockets of common criminals. Luckily a few prisoners managed to speak to them.

Much praise should go to American Quaker organizations for their help, especially in the early years. When I was under the sentence of death, these organizations prevailed on radio stations in Mexico and other American countries to plead for commutation of the sentence.

The growing turmoil that has taken over in Spain today, and of which I spoke at the beginning of this article, leads one to guess that the decrease in the prison population has reached its low point, and that once again the jails will be overcrowded. It would require a basic political change in the country to prevent it.

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Charles Sanders Peirce & 'The Nation'

Richard J. Bernstein

During the post-Civil War era, America was undergoing a period of extraordinary intellectual ferment and creativity. Our colleges were emerging from the cocoon stage of being encrusted with stale conservative theological discussions. The single most dramatic event that changed that entire intellectual scene was the publication of Darwin's *Origin of the Species* in 1859. But the significance of Darwin's discoveries might have fallen upon deaf ears if internal changes had not been taking place in America. Young scholars traveled to Europe and studied in European, especially German, universities. They brought back not only new ideas but the very idea of the university itself. And in 1876, our first real university, Johns Hopkins, was founded. The post-Civil War period was one of transition from amateurism and dilettantism to professionalism and the serious, enthusiastic study of intellectual disciplines.

The "story" of this period is well illustrated by what happened in philosophy. In 1835, de Tocqueville reported that in no part of the civilized world was less attention paid to philosophy than in the United States. Morris Cohen, one of the first historians of American philosophy, says frankly that "American philosophy before the Civil War produced not one original philosophic work of commanding importance. To the modern reader it is all a desert of commonplace opinion covered with the dust of pedantic language." But the situation altered radically in the latter part of the 19th century. The names of Peirce, James, Royce, Santayana and Dewey dominated the scene, and philosophers still look back to that time as the "golden era" of American philosophy.

One of the most fascinating, outstanding and consistent contributors to *The Nation* was Charles Sanders Peirce, whose reviews and notices total more than 200 items (most of them unsigned), and whose writings appeared from 1869 until 1908. But who was Peirce? Those who have heard of him probably know that he is considered to be the founder of the pragmatic movement. However, Peirce's contributions to pragmatism constitute only a small part of his voluminous writings, and his version of pragmatism (he dubbed it "pragmaticism") is far more sophisticated and subtle than the popular understanding of this philosophic movement. Among philosophers, Peirce is becoming recognized as our most original philosopher, and many would add that he is our greatest philosopher. Peirce is much more than a neglected and curious 19th-century thinker; a Peircian spirit pervades contemporary philosophy, especially in the Anglo-Saxon world, as philosophers of diverse orientations come to appreciate what Peirce saw more than seventy-five years ago.

Although we think of Peirce today as a philosopher, his contemporaries saw him as a philosophic scientist and logician. His talents and accomplishments were enormous. He was a practicing scientist and the best American logician of his time. He was a careful student of medieval philosophy at a time when most intellectuals were entirely ignorant of this rich tradition. He was a pioneer in the history and philosophy of science. He was also a cosmologist, a speculative metaphysician, and developed an elaborate and fertile theory of signs.

At various stages in his life, Peirce applied for or was considered for positions as astronomer, physicist, mathematician, logician and philosopher, but the only job he was able to hold for a sustained period was that of research scientist for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. He tried desperately to secure a permanent university post. Such leading philosophers as James, Royce and Dewey (who was twenty years younger than Peirce and a student at Johns Hopkins during the brief period when Peirce taught logic there) acknowledged Peirce's genius and their intellectual debt to him; nevertheless, Peirce continually failed to obtain a permanent university post. He lectured occasionally at Harvard and was at Johns Hopkins from 1879 until 1885, when he was abruptly and mysteriously fired. There was evidently a scandal of some sort, but Peirce's contemporaries were so reticent that the precise details are unknown. Recognition of Peirce's extraordinary talents was again combined with a flat refusal to make use of them when James recommended him for a job at Harvard, praising him as "one of the best men living." Charles Eliot, president of Harvard, acknowledged the truth of what James said about Peirce, but without further explanation declined to give Peirce the post.

James tried for years to help Peirce and was responsible for raising a small fund for him during his last years when he was living in extreme poverty without any regular job. He once wrote to a friend: "It seems a great pity that so original a man as he is, who is willing and able to devote the powers of his life to logic and metaphysics, should be starved out of a career, when there are lots of professorships of the sort to be given in the country to 'safe,' orthodox men." Peirce was certainly not safe and orthodox. He could be tactless. He abhorred mediocrity and rarely missed an opportunity to express his disdain for what he considered intellectually second-rate. There are rumors of sexual exploits and his first marriage ended in a divorce. Yet his ostracism by the academic community remains a mystery, for as one reads through his writings (most of which were unpublished during his lifetime and now fill eight volumes, with many papers still not published), as well as his personal correspondence, the dominant impression that emerges is of a man of great humanity and courage, with immense loyalty to his friends.

It is a credit to Wendell Phillips Garrison, who in those years had primary responsibility for the literary and scientific articles, the reviews and notices in *The Nation*, that he not only recognized Peirce's ability but opened the pages of *The Nation* to him. Reading through the correspondence of Garrison to Peirce, one can sympathize with the difficult problems that the edi-

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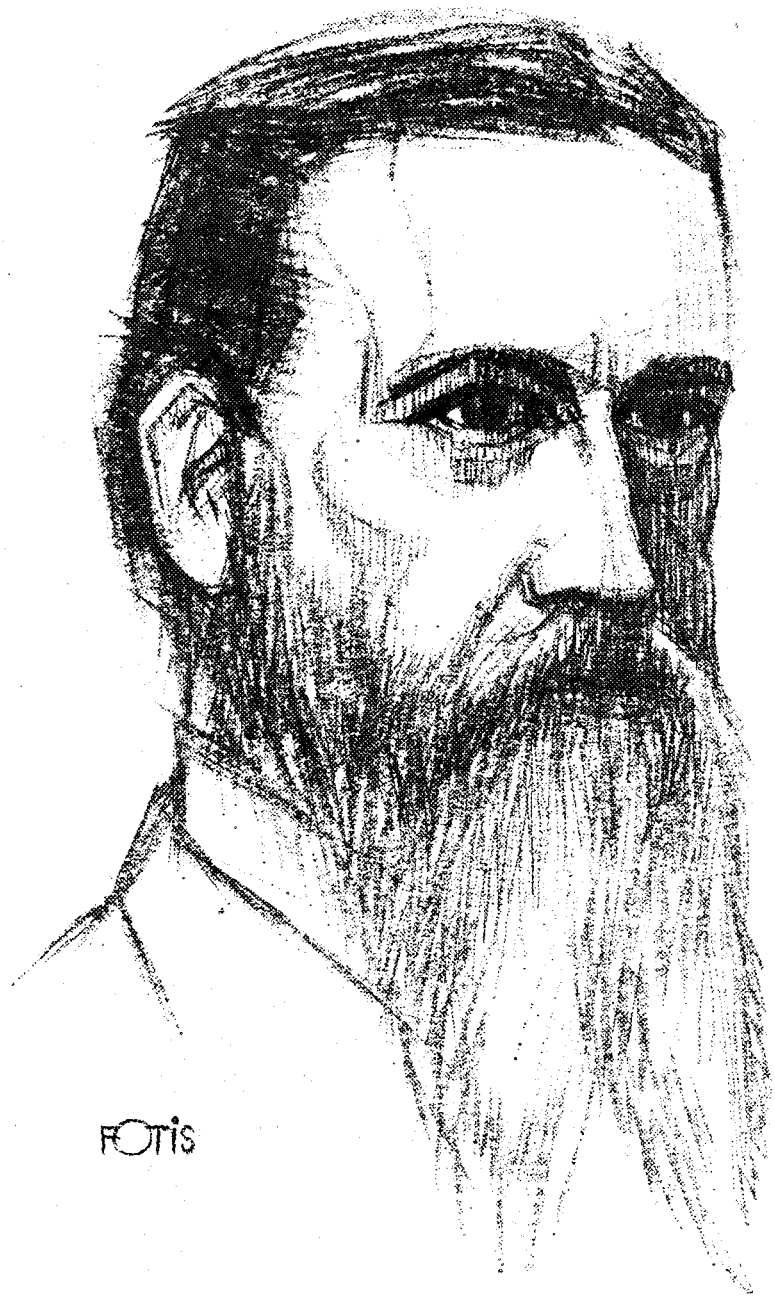
tor faced, and admire him for his patience, sympathy, intellectual integrity and firmness.

Peirce had retired to Milford, Pa., in 1887, and spent the remainder of his years working away on his grand schemes. Originally he lived on a little inherited money, but when that was exhausted his only source of income for a time was the small amount that he received from *The Nation*. Peirce frequently couldn't resist the temptation to use his reviews to communicate some of his own original and obscure ideas, thus wandering from the subject he was discussing. And Garrison on numerous occasions chided Peirce and severely edited his articles. Peirce accused Garrison of butchering his work, and Garrison replied with his typical patience and toughness, "I have never done as much [editorially] for anyone as you." At one point of strained relationship, Garrison wrote, "Your discursiveness is often very piquant and suggestive and enlightening, but it is always a danger of resembling the pin-wheel which has got off the stick. Contributors who allow in *obiter dicta* are a great trial to me." But Garrison was always able to rise above his annoyance with Peirce, admonishing him to be "selective everywhere, exhaustive nowhere." Peirce was constantly in debt to *The Nation*, and Garrison generously made advances for work still to be done, trying at the same time not to exceed his liberties as a responsible editor.

Despite their occasional tiffs, a warm personal relationship developed between the two men and their wives. In 1902, Garrison, a great walker, hiked across New Jersey to visit the Peirces in Milford. There is a lovely letter to Garrison from Juliette Peirce, who was obviously starved for human companionship. She wrote, "Of all our numerous visits, past, present, and (I feel sure) future, there will have been none to make us so thoroughly happy, except for its short duration, as the last."



Although Peirce sometimes referred to his *Nation* writing as hack work and complained bitterly of the editing, the record of what he did publish is impressive. Most of his contributions were book reviews, but he used such occasions to explore the basic issues raised, and these reviews serve as an excellent introduction to his own ideas. If they had been signed, they might have helped to gain for Peirce the intellectual recognition that eluded him during his lifetime. The books that Peirce reviewed were primarily scientific, mathematical and logical texts, but there seemed no limit to the topics he could discuss intelligently. He was fascinated by language and the techniques of writing dictionaries; he was deeply interested in the art of writing intellectual biographies. He even reviewed some books on wines, displaying an esoteric knowledge of the subject. He wrote important reviews of the leading psychological and philosophical books, including James's *Principles of Psychology*, Dewey's *Studies in Logical Theory* and Royce's *The World and the Individual*.

One can get an insight into the level and quality of intellectual discussion in *The Nation* by reading one of Peirce's earliest contributions. It was a letter to the editor written in response to an editorial comment (by Chauncy Wright) on Peirce's views of the classical philosophic controversy between realism and nominalism. Peirce solemnly declared that "the only feature of the controversy which has appeared to me to need more emphasis than has hitherto been put before upon it is that each party had its own peculiar ideas of what it is that is real, the realists assum-

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ing that reality belongs to what is presented to us in true knowledge of any sort, the nominalists assuming that absolutely external causes of perception are the only realities." Peirce was not being esoteric or anachronistic. He believed the issue of realism versus nominalism to be fundamental for understanding the nature of scientific inquiry, and considered himself a bold realist, maintaining against the nominalists that universals and laws are not convenient fictions, but real constitutents of the universe. Scientific inquiry, Peirce argued, reveals real laws of nature. These laws cannot be considered convenient fictions for organizing observable data.

Peirce, like many present-day philosophers of science, was extremely critical of a "picture" of science that had its origins in the 17th century and has persisted until recently, whereby science is understood as a description of facts and an inductive generalization from these facts. Such a "picture" neglects the powerful role of theory and theoretical constructs that cannot be reduced to what is observable. A proper understanding of science requires that it be defined as inquiry, as a self-corrective process rather than a collection of conclusions. In this context, Peirce suggested the possibility of a logic or rationale of scientific discovery—an idea recently rediscovered by philosophers of science.

Too frequently, when scientists turn their minds to the general significance of what they are doing, their reflections are naive because they lack philosophic sophistication. And conversely, many philosophers are naive when they consider the nature of science because they lack the day-to-day experience of the practicing scientist. Peirce's reflections on the nature of science are rich because he was a practicing scientist of extraordinary philosophic subtlety.

At a time when scientific inquiry was being confused with technical application, Peirce defended the autonomy of science. He wrote in *The Nation* that "the true devotee of science, so long as he enacts the role, never thinks of Philistine Utility. His passion is to understand the ways of Nature and the reasonableness of things. To be absorbed as a particle in the rolling wave of reasonableness, is not useful, but is the *summum bonum* itself towards which true uselessness tends." He also argued that scientific inquiry both presupposes and fosters a specific moral attitude—an attitude of perfect fairness, candor in recognizing facts, the courage to change one's opinions in light of further experience. He insisted that scientific inquiry is essentially fallible, but that this fallibility is no cause for despair but requires us vigorously to pursue inquiry and put our ideas to public test.

Though himself strongly influenced by the theory of evolution, Peirce was sharply critical of the popular versions of social Darwinism that tried to construct a social philosophy on the conclusions of science. Basing a "creed" on science was a sure way of blocking the road to inquiry. It is popularly supposed that we need historical perspective in order to evaluate the competing ideologies and ideas of our contemporaries, but Peirce's judgments on his contemporaries were remarkably perceptive and in many cases accord with modern judgments. His extreme skepticism of the Spencerians, then so popular, has certainly been vindicated.

While praising science and holding scientific inquiry to be a model for all inquiry, Peirce never succumbed to the temptation of submitting all human questions to the exclusive judgment of science. He repeatedly insisted that there is more to inquiry and human experience than can be discovered by the sciences, and he argued that science, properly understood, was not in conflict with religious conviction. Like Kant, whom he greatly admired, Peirce criticized those who held that science "proved" the falsity of religious claims.

Although he wrote before the spectacular advances in physics initiated by Einstein and the development of quantum physics, he attacked the mechanical determinist outlook that prevailed among many 19th-century scientists. He argued that there is an irreducible indeterminacy in the universe and that one must recognize the inescapability of a chance factor.

Peirce was sensitive to the most important frontiers of inquiry and informed *The Nation's* readers of the latest developments and significance of non-Euclidean geometry and the work being done by such leading logicians of the 19th century as Boole, DeMorgan, and Schröder. When he reviewed the work of James, Dewey and Royce, he recognized the importance of their work, but did not hesitate to differ with them. Here too, there is a striking contemporary ring: Peirce raises the issues that later thinkers have pursued.

One mark of genius is its continuing relevance to the struggle to understand man in the universe. Peirce's writings—even his reviews—have this quality; it is what distinguishes him from many of his contemporaries, Fiske and Spencer among them, who enjoyed great popularity and were then forgotten. There is much more to Peirce's philosophy than found its way to the pages of *The Nation*. Confined by the limitations of space and writing for a readership that could scarcely be expected to understand all that he was saying, he nevertheless succeeded in communicating some of his most important ideas. Despite his quarrels with Garrison, Peirce fully understood what the editor had done for him and was grateful for the limited opportunity to have his ideas gain a public.

Reading through the Garrison correspondence with Peirce, I came across the draft of a letter written by Peirce in a hand that had lost its firmness and control. It was a response to a circular that asked contributors to *The Nation* for testimonials to be presented to Garrison upon his retirement in 1906. The letter, I believe, reveals a good deal about Peirce, Garrison and *The Nation*.

Milford, Pa. May 29, 1905

Dear Sir,—The note, I remark does not touch upon the truly remarkable skill that Garrison has shown. However little he may know of a subject, his flair is such that he knows pretty accurately what the value of each book that he sends out really is before he sends it. Moreover I hope that every contributor understands that in addition to the gratitude we owe him for the "graciousness" of his behavior he also recognizes that this is part of the business talent of the man dealing with the most difficult class of workmen. The immense influence of the Nation *far beyond its subscription list has been used with great sagacity to elevate and rationalize the ideas of the country.*

Charles Sanders Peirce

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History's Grand Designs

SHAPES OF PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY. By Frank E. Manuel. Stanford University Press. 162 pp. $4.75.

Hans Meyerhoff

This is an extraordinary intellectual tour de force. In 162 pages, divided into seven lectures—the Harry Camp Lectures at Stanford University—Professor Manuel has performed a masterful job of condensation and explication. In this brief space he covers no less than the entire field of philosophical and religious theories of history in the Western world. No other work I know of can compare with this feat.

Here is a brief indication of what Mr. Manuel has done: from the pagan philosophers in the ancient world who first developed the idea of cycles in history, he turns to the Biblical tradition, to the Book of Daniel, to Philo of Alexandria, and to the early Fathers of the Church. There follows a superb chapter on the great Christian myths of history as set forth by St. Augustine and Joachim of Fiore. He then reviews the varieties of Renaissance thought, in France, Italy and England, and citing a score of names, some well known, others rarely heard of, he manages to give each his due and to fit them all into a significant tableau. Three lectures deal with the awakening of a new historical consciousness in the 18th and 19th centuries: first, with Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Leibnitz and Kant, among the Germans, then with Voltaire, Turgot, Condorcet, Saint-Simon, among the French, and finally, in a third lecture, with the culmination of the idea of progress in Hegel and Marx. The work concludes with a spirited coda on the profusion of philosophies of history in our time. Again, this is a skillful arrangement of contemporary thought, including such names as Niebuhr, Tillich, Berdayev, Dawson, Spengler, Toynbee, Garaudy, and even Teilhard de Chardin.

Names must be dropped in order to suggest the scope, richness and density of this compendium. It is an amazing guide through the pages of philosophical history, packed with scholarly details and insightful asides, and it is written in a style, both elegant and witty, that is a sheer delight. In short, a splendid achievement.

Professor Manuel has adopted a more or less standard schema to accommodate this wealth of material. All the varieties of philosophical history are variations on two major themes, or "shapes"—one cyclical, the other progressive. The former is compared to Ixion's wheel, the latter to Jacob's ladder. It is these shapes—often syncretistically fused—that have been the great archetypes, or myths, in man's thinking about the meaning of history. "Cycle" and "progress" are like myths, as Mr. Manuel explains, because these images resist criticism. They do not yield to arguments, whether "logical or empirical." Hence, they seem to represent "less a logical than a psychological polarity." In other words, they reflect psychological attitudes, satisfy religious cravings, or express metaphysical beliefs. Thus the metaphysics of history has been a form of myth making; and these myths are rooted less in the nature of history than in the nature of man.

It would be pedantic to quibble over details in a work so beautifully executed. So let me turn to a question that is possibly of more general interest. Why these myths? Why this "mythopoeic" urge in history that has "possessed Western man for more than two thousand years" and that, hard-headed critics to the contrary, continues to flourish in our own time? Surely, these critics deserve a hearing for, presumably, the purpose of history is not to invent myths, theologies or metaphysical theories; it is to advance the cause of human knowledge.

Yet, such words as "myth" or "archetype"—almost as popular today as they were in Plato's time—are just vague and convenient enough to cover a multitude of sins, i.e., intellectual differences. For there are differences in the world of myth, and these differences are worth keeping in order to understand the meaning and function of myths—in history and elsewhere.

Take a simple case: St. Augustine's tale of two cities is undoubtedly a "sublime" myth, but this myth was not constructed in order to understand history. St. Augustine did not write in order to make an intellectual contribution to history, nor did he support his myth by citing any evidence from history. He cited Scripture and he wrote in order to show that, though man's fate on earth was obscure in the pages of history, it was bright in the light of divine revelation. There was a moral, or spiritual, community beyond history called the "City of God."

Per contra, what Mr. Manuel aptly calls Kant's "tragic" acceptance of the idea of progress is quite a different myth. Progress for Kant was a postulate, both intellectual and moral, which he thought we must bring to history in order to make it an intelligible field of study and a meaningful field of action. Whether he was right or wrong, this myth is of an entirely different order, both cognitive and moral, from St. Augustine's. It appeals to evidence and reasoning based on history, not to a faith based on revelation. Hence, it is also vulnerable to criticism as the Christian myth is not. In short, it is metaphysics—a rational myth, if you like—not theology.

Both the cyclical and the progressive myth have a cognitive meaning. They are primitive "theories" designed to reduce, as Mr. Manuel says, "the whole of the past to order"; and to put one's house in order, a rational order, is a prerequisite for knowledge in any intellectual discipline. Yet, again, I think it is worth making distinctions. While both these "theories" may be primitive, defective or trivial as compared with the latest models built in other sciences, they are of a different order. The idea of progress—I have come neither to praise it nor to bury it—is of a higher order, cognitively higher, than the idea of cycles.

The cyclical myth is a matter of common experience. It is not derived, as is sometimes said, from biology, but from ordinary life. Just as in Shakespeare's allegory man's "strange eventful history" moves through seven ages, so does the history of civilizations move through life cycles, from infancy to senility. That's an inference, or projection, from ordinary experience, not a product of profound thought; and if further empirical evidence be needed, it is readily supplied—for "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look at my works, Ye Mighty, and despair!"

The myth of progress is a more advanced product of reflection. Derived as it is from another commonplace

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Hans Meyerhoff is the author of Time and Literature *and editor of* The Philosophy of History.

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observation, namely, that there are three moments of time, past, present and future, it adds three ideas to this simple concept of temporal progression: (1) that the direction goes from a lower to a higher stage of development, not vice versa; (2) that we can discover the mechanism of this evolutionary movement; and (3) that there are criteria, e.g., the advance in knowledge and technology, for measuring progress in the human world. More importantly, direction, mechanism and even criteria of progress are "hidden," i.e., not within the purview of ordinary experience as the cycle of man's life from birth to death. Thus an intellectual effort is required to discover these hidden aspects of history. That is "progress" in the rational demands made by the theory, and possibly in the results obtained by this method. Not surprisingly, the progressive myth in history influenced, and was influenced by, the scientific theory of evolution and survives in psychoanalysis.

Yet, as everybody knows, these myths of history have had an entirely different meaning, moral rather than cognitive. For St. Augustine as well as for Hegel, they were also a "theodicy." This means that they were also designed to explain, and justify, evil in the world, or to answer Dostoevski's (and Job's) question: "Why this senseless suffering?"

The cyclical myth is morally neutral, except possibly in Nietzsche's version of it. Ordinarily it is neutral to man's hopes, aspirations and defeats in life, as neutral as death is. Thus death is the only answer to Dostoevski. For this reason, I think, most people find this myth pessimistic and depressing. It is depressing because, while it may help us to reduce "the whole of the past" to some cognitive order, it does not justify the belief that historical cycles revolve in a moral order as well. If everything will be the same again or similar to what it was, there is no escape from the mad merry-go-round of history.

The meaning of the Christian myth is to show that such an escape is both possible and plausible. It is possible because man, though lost in the jungles of Rome and Carthage, may find himself in the City of God. And this possibility is plausible provided we believe, as Mr. Manuel says, "in the breakthrough of the divine into the world in the person of Christ." The terrible record of human suffering in history is redeemed, as it were, by a trans-historical event that happened in the past—the incarnation of God—and man is saved from a historically engendered despair by grace of, and by faith in, the divine. On these grounds, there is hope that, all evidence to the contrary, things can and will be set "right"; but this moral hope leaves the "things" that happen in history as they have always been—paradoxical, incomprehensible and impenetrable. "The problem of history is unanswerable within its own perspective" (Löwith). "There is no escape from the paradoxical relation of history to the Kingdom of God" (Niebuhr). These are contemporary statements in the Augustinian tradition showing that the function of the Christian myth is not to make the empirical order of history more intelligible; its function is to justify the belief that there is a moral, or spiritual, order beyond history.

Our own experience with history makes the idea of progress look not like a myth but like blasphemy—so much so that, for some, the cyclical model seems more advanced intellectually and more honest morally and that, for many, the Christian myth seems to be the only way out of the nightmare of history. Yet, looking backward, we can easily see that the "theory" of progress derived much of its appeal because it combined both the cognitive and the moral function of historical myths. Like the cyclical myth it purported to show that there was a rational order behind the appearances in history; like the Christian myth it purported to show that this rational order was a moral order as well. And, looking forward, I am not sure that future generations will find the myth of progress as naive, or silly, as we do. There is no doubt, however, that a great deal of house cleaning is needed before it will look respectable again.

But suppose we could divest this secular faith of its primitive mythical ingredients, I mean, of such ideas as the infinite perfectibility of man, the classless society, or the millenium on earth; suppose, further, we take the undeniable progress in knowledge and know-how to mean that a better life for more people is possible, though not necessary or "inevitable," a better life for more people than they have ever known in history; and suppose, finally, that we accept this possibility as a moral postulate in Kant's sense, i.e., as a principle on which to act—suppose we were to make these and other hypothetical revisions, the result would not compensate the human victims sacrificed and slaughtered in history, but it would not be incompatible with the idea of progress either. Nothing we do can unmake the past; the only hope that a study of history might support is that the future may be "better" in the sense that it need not repeat the cycle of crimes, evils and follies committed in the past. And this hope, in turn, rests on at least two assumptions: (1) that thought and action, thinking about and acting in history, are meaningfully related and (2) that this relationship makes a moral claim upon the individual, i.e., the claim to affirm and express it in his own life. Neither assumption must be taken for granted.

Why not discard these myths as sober-minded critics have consistently urged us to do? Put differently, why are these myths so impervious to arguments, whether "logical or empirical"? In brief, the answer is twofold: first, there is a myth in everybody's closet, including the critic's; but it does not follow, as I have tried to indicate, that there are no meaningful differences among the skeletons we hide. Thus, as Beard said paraphrasing Croce, "when grand philosophy is ostentatiously put out at the front door of the mind, then narrow, class, provincial, and regional prejudices come in at the back door." Second, in thinking about history we are not as neutral, or disinterested, as we are in thinking about nature; for history, as Vico was the first to observe, is of our own making as nature is not. Thus myths—or philosophies—of history have more than a theoretical interest and make more than a theoretical difference in life.

With the Fall

A streetlamp on the corner
of my lonely street.
A stranger darkens it,
I cannot hear his feet.

Midnight once. The corner
of a silent street.
Haunting a barber's window,
a pallid skull of light.

Inner night. A window.
I glimpse in a chair
a child and a barber
trimming my own hair.

I stir. He states it is simple
to shave the dead;
the scissors flash, I tremble
as the years slide from my head. . .

Dawn. The lamp is out.
In the park I stroll
to the clamor of birds, under boughs
actual with Fall.

David Leviten

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On The Bestial Floor

THE ABYSS. By C. P. Idyll. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 396 pp. $6.95.
IN SEARCH OF MERMAIDS. By Colin Bertram. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 183 pp. $4.95.
THE YEAR OF THE GORILLA. By George B. Schaller. University of Chicago Press. 260 pp. $5.95.
ANIMAL MACHINES. By Ruth Harrison. Vincent Stuart (London). 21s.

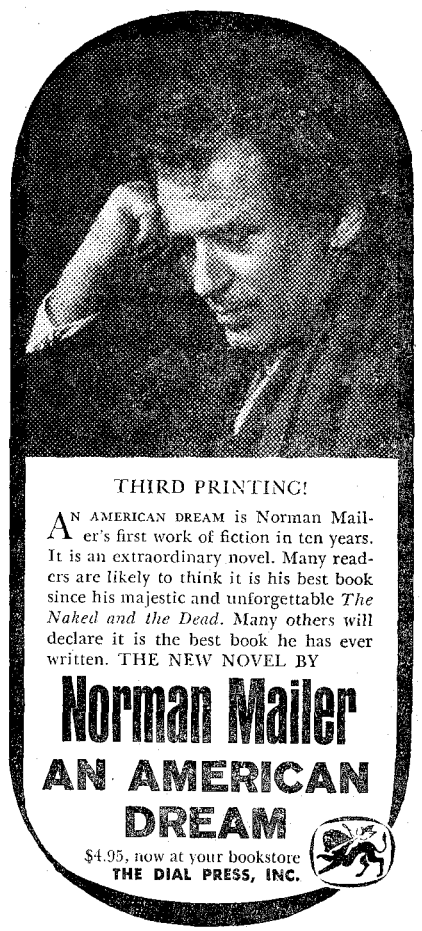
W. S. Merwin

These are four books about man, the same who once heard his deity exhort him to "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Together these recent publications illustrate a curious development in the later days of the species, which has come to devote to the aforementioned command a zealous, and what sometimes appears to be a slavish, observance long after the author of it has fallen silent and been given up for dead. In the new silence, man's superiority to the rest of creation and his right to hold over it the powers of life and death, evolution and extinction, are questioned scarcely more often or more seriously than they were when he boasted a soul as his excuse. Now in the rare instances where his convenience alone is not taken as ample justification for his manipulations and erasures of other species, it is his intelligence, or some aspect of it, that is held up most regularly as the great exoneration. This, according to the myth, was the property which gave him the edge on the other creatures; and in the process it became endowed, in his eyes, with a spontaneous moral splendor which now constitutes between him and the rest of nature not a relative but an absolute difference, like the one which separates him from the silence. Indeed, by now, this difference and its exigencies are normally deferred to like the great necessities themselves, as though they were not only ordained but everlasting. It is true that this justification of man to man is voluntarily accepted only by man. To the beasts there must often appear to be little essential distinction between the force of human intelligence and other kinds of force. It is not a relevant view, of course. And the animals will not have appreciated, either, that it is this same faculty of intelligence that has recently given man the power of life and death over his own species, thus relegating him to a position which until now he and his gods had reserved for beasts devoid of reason. At the same time as he was preparing this coup his restless intellect was already perfecting a system (described in one of these books) of promoting living creatures which he had never made to the status of mechanical objects expressly contrived for his advantage. And yet as man's power over other living things has become, if not more perfect at least more pervasive, his dominion over himself, however conceived, seems here and there to be escaping him despite analyses and institutions, and taking, it may be, the route of the departed divinity.

Professor Idyll's *The Abyss* is not intended as a contribution to human knowledge in the scholar's sense, but is instead what must be termed a vulgarization, in any sense. Professor Idyll is concerned with having the sea, especially the deeper parts of it, enjoy a wider public. This, he insists, would benefit many persons, some of whom he enumerates. It is awful to think that any good and profitable thing should require among its means a style and a view of existence as depressing as Professor Idyll's. But then he is trying to sell his largely ignored product; he speaks as a salesman to a society of salesmen, and it is scarcely surprising if he tends to sound like a television real estate commercial. And it is perhaps not astonishing to learn that *money should be allocated for exploring* this mighty subject because of the possible contributions to national defense, as well as to other kinds of business expansion. His love of his native land may have limited his experience in some respects: about food in particular it makes him quite comical at times. "In the U.S. where abundance has made people finicky about their food . . ." etc., or "America, mind you, the best fed country on earth. . . ." Elsewhere, sheer sincerity seems to create problems for him: "This struggle for world prestige is not necessarily bad. A substitution of this kind of constructive intellectual struggle for the bloody carnage of a hot war as a method of international conflict would be welcomed by a fearful world." Professor Idyll teaches at the University of Miami. I assume, therefore, that his facts about sea animals themselves are as sound as his businesslike suggestions for renaming fish to make them more palatable to prospective consumers. He is at his best writing about very small species which do not invite his eloquence. Still, there are a number of these diminutive creatures; and the pictures, above all, are excellent.

Colin Bertram, who wrote *In Search of Mermaids,* is another professor (from St. John's College, Cambridge) with a style, which in his case verges occasionally on the heavily whimsical, trying to put his subject across as at least a possible proposition. He is writing about dugongs, manatees and sea cows, and particularly about the manatees of Guiana, animals that contributed to the legends about mermaids and that are threatened with extinction. They are all gentle creatures; in fact observation of the manatees is often rendered difficult by their extreme shyness and consequent unwillingness to show more than a nostril above

W. S. Merwin, poet (and former poetry editor of The Nation*), is the author most recently of* The Moving Target *(Atheneum).*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the surface of the weedy rivers where most of them prefer to live. Professor Bertram is concerned with whether it would be practicable, in favorable climatic conditions, to rear manatees in a semi-domesticated state and use them for weed clearance in certain rivers and lakes of the world. Not enough is known about the animals to come to any conclusion, but the volume presents such facts as have been determined, and the economic prospects insofar as they exist. The book is oddly arranged and littered here and there with irrelevant and for the most part unfortunate digressions into travelogue, socio-political mumbling, and pedestrian fancy, and yet it is worth threading all these for the information about the animals themselves, or the guignol vision of Seventh-day Adventists on outboards racing up the Guiana rivers that till now have been relatively free of man, and shooting anything alive (except, presumably, Homo sapiens) with their newly purchased guns. And if for nothing else, the book would be worth examining for the pages about the extinct Steller's sea cow, a large, harmless and obviously unsuspecting creature that had occupied its place in the ecological structure of the planet for some 50 million years until it was discovered by man in 1741. It was virtually extinct twenty years later and quite gone by the end of the century. Most remarkable are the paragraphs, quoted at length, by Steller himself, a German naturalist attached to an 18th-century Russian expedition to the Bering Sea. His description of the hunting of these most innocent of creatures (a simple matter of impaling them on hooks and dragging them away), their devotion to one another, and especially to their wounded, dying and dead companions, their struggles, their groans, their helplessness before man, must constitute one of the more painful passages in the — on the whole tragic — literature concerning man's relations with the less intelligent animals.

The Year of the Gorilla has already received considerable attention, but it would be a pity to miss a chance to commend so admirable a book. It is an account, intended for the general reader, of original research on the mountain gorilla, over a period of two years spent for the most part in wild-life reserves in Central and East Africa. During much of this time the author, George B. Schaller and (as she is permitted to remind us at some length) his wife lived alone in a cabin at Kabara, in the neighborhood of the Virunga volcanoes, in the Congo. Until Mr. Schaller began his study, the gorilla had usually been described as a model of ferocity and aggressive treachery. Mr. Schaller spent more time in the company of free-living gorillas than any man is known to have done. He slept within feet of gorilla bands; he stayed from sunrise until nearly dark, day after day, with one or another of several gorilla groups, taking notes, drawing them, following them, and submitting in turn to their occasional curiosity. He pronounces them to be exceptionally gentle, rather shy and playful vegetarians, peaceably inclined both among themselves and toward other species; even their famous roaring and chest pounding, in his experience, seldom amounted to more than a ritual gesture for releasing tension, and was more likely to be a prelude to flight than a genuine threat. But then Mr. Schaller himself is evidently gentle as well as intelligent, and his approach to gorillas, as to other things, is one that lends dignity to the word "humane." He appears to be lacking in the sportsman's urge to deprive less clever animals of life and then exaggerate their destructiveness or belligerence in retrospect. For reasons which he sets down, he preferred not to carry a gun even to protect himself, but at his wife's request he took "a little starting gun, such as is used to fire blanks at track meets. Since I never had to use it on gorillas, I was unable to determine its efficacy." The book may turn out to be not only a landmark in writing on animal behavior but a monument to the species it observes, for it is probably not surprising that the mountain gorilla also is threatened with extinction, as humanity presses covetously on its already restricted habitat, armed with the rights and utensils that are the accompaniments of a larger brain.

Ruth Harrison's *Animal Machines* is unlike the other three books in several ways. It is a deliberate and carefully documented bid for the reform of certain animal conditions in England, some of which originated in and are financed from the United States; so far as I know there are no plans to publish the book in the United States; and the sorts of life she is at pains to reveal are as far from the wild as human ingenuity has so far been able to take them; they involve creatures that once, doubtless, would have been described as "domesticated." To continue to consider them in such terms in our present society would not only be laughable but would probably also provoke the charge—devastating, in this context—of sentimentality, which, when applied to animals or other unfortunates with no political potential, often appears to mean "indulgence in unprofitable sympathies which the accuser does not share." Ruth Harrison is writing about current "intensive rearing methods" of laying hens, table poultry, calves and pigs, in particular. Her investigation of the circumstances under which these human commodities are brought to marketable size in England was sufficiently thorough to win the public acclamation of a past president of the British Veterinary Association, and her case against the methods she decries is twofold. She claims, with a terrible array of detail and pictures, that the methods are very cruel, and that existing English legislation on cruelty to animals is inadequate and virtually unenforceable in the circumstances.

Since the publication of the book in England there has been a stir and at least an effort to improve the law. Remembering the history of attempts to reform pig-butchering methods in Chicago slaughterhouses, it seems possible that her other accusation might meet with more interest in the United States. She claims that the methods are injurious to the health of human consumers, and in this she merely adds her voice to a growing chorus of dieticians, ecologists, doctors and other students of applied biology in most countries that pride themselves on their progress. It is not a charge which a layman is likely to be able to prove or disprove—though it may involve his life and death—and as a result he is often encouraged to believe that he has no right to an opinion. Certainly in many shopping centers of the industrialized world the consumer is increasingly conned out of choices, or the means or the wish to make them. The process (and the whole of intensive food production) it is explained, is economic. It is a statement of what people want most, in terms of the society they have contrived to provide it for them. It is one of the things that we have achieved with our intelligence.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

LORD JIM

Conrad wrote: "I stood by with my hand on the davit. I was very quiet. . . . I heard the boat alongside go bump, bump, and not another sound down there for a while, but the ship under me was full of talking noises." When Richard Brooks reaches that moment in his film version of *Lord Jim*, he has the *Patna* tossing desperately in an Indian Ocean squall and Jim fighting against walls of water that come seething over the bridge to beat the breath from his body and the wits from his head.

Why? The storm does not make the scene more dramatic; it makes it less dramatic. It does not make Jim's leap to safety more infamous, but less so. I can suppose only that Mr. Brooks was abiding by some tenet of screen melodrama that a scene of crisis on the high seas must be accompanied by gale-force winds. In this case, however, it has the additional usefulness of signaling that the movie will show no glimmer of understanding what Conrad was writing about. Brooks has caught on to the notion that Jim is in flight from a reputation for cowardice and that his subsequent career is an attempt to live down that shameful leap from the *Patna*. Indeed, he can produce Jim's very words to show that this was so, for Conrad was ever cunning at keeping the ace of his stories up his sleeve. You will not find in the picture—as you will not find it set down in the book—that Jim never really cared a tinker's curse about the world's opinion. He had let *himself* down; he knew himself to be that one man in ten thousand, a perfect hero, and yet there was that wretched little incident caught like a flaw deep in the jewel. The secret sharer, that other who occupies the deepest sanctuaries of a man's soul—he was the enemy; not the ragtag and bobtail of the Eastern ports. "Romantic! — romantic!" old Stein had said. That was the tragedy of it.

Brooks's offense is that he does not cope with the theme of the great work whose name he has appropriated, but that is really his only offense. Otherwise, he has made a rousing tropical adventure tale, about at the level of *Treasure Island*, and centered upon the resourceful figure of a slightly world-soiled Jack Hawkins. The wide-screen photography and the stereophonic sound overwhelm the senses, the proliferation of heart-thumping incident never falters and far outstrips Conrad's small efforts at physical excitement. It is an admirably busy picture, with gunpowder plots and stormings of the palisades, saffron-robed monks, slaves in chains, purloined corpses, chests of precious stones and a little brown boy borrowed from Kipling. The producers invented so much it is a pity they could not invent a name for their creation.

Calling it *Lord Jim* was an odd blunder—it provokes all the reviewers into irrelevant comparisons — irrelevant because Brooks was obviously directing for an audience that cares nothing for Conrad, if indeed it has ever heard of him. I decided I'd try to forget I'd ever read the novel long before Jim reached Patusan, and from then on I enjoyed watching Brooks's stars—James Mason, Eli Wallach, Akim Tamiroff, Paul Lukas, to name only a few—skulking about the ruins

THE OVERCOAT

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of Angkor Vat, and shooting at one another with antique rifles and muzzle-loading cannon. Peter O'Toole, with his opaque, chorus-boy face and the youthful virility he seems to have studied from a handbook on acting, is hard to credit even in a klieg-lit jungle, but the rest are impeccably professional entertainers.

Without disputing the consensus that the new Russian filming of Gogol's *The Overcoat* is a masterpiece, I think it should be said that it is a rather special kind of masterpiece. Aleksei Batalov has not made a screenplay in the usual sense, but a filmed light opera, with the emphasis on choreography and mime.

The St. Petersburg street scenes are stage pageantry, with swirling snow and tinkling sleighs, officers in greatcoats and delicious ladies in muffs, and the performance of Roland Bykov recalls Barrault, Marceau and, a little, Jimmy Savo. Bykov is a superbly disciplined and discriminating dancer (there is no more accurate word for his way of moving) and, scene after scene, his droll and eloquent body "illustrates" the story. In the intimate passages, though, he falls victim of the mimist's heresy—that projection of sweet self-pity and calculated beaten-dog gallantry by which even the best of them try to convey the human soul in agony. The virtuoso trick of squeezing out a tear above a quivering smile is embarrassing and reduces Gogol's anger to a squeak. But if you can overlook these moist assaults on your sentiment, you will be rewarded by some of the most lyric and precise dramatic pantomime the screen has seen since Chaplin retired his Tramp.

ART

Max Kozloff

COMMOTION OF THE RETINA

Like its predecessor, the important Assemblage show, the Museum of Modern Art's "The Responsive Eye" is a trend register and an unparalleled catalyst of attention. But if it is topical, to the extent that many artists have adopted their present "styles" merely to be chosen or benefited by it, "The Responsive Eye" is *not* also a historical survey, as was the earlier exhibition. Assemblage charted a mode of combining and relating materials, constantly altering our environment, which could be traced back to before the First World War. The present display assays a consciousness, not even a sensibility, concerned with purifying and mobilizing the optical properties of visual art. It is a much larger and vaguer theme in the 20th century, for which a retrospective treatment was ruled out only by an inundation of new material that had to be documented on an international level. This broadness of subject, and the abrupt, almost artificial fascination for some of its aspects, make a historical evaluation very problematical. It also allows one to suspect that its significance is as much sociological and psychological as it is aesthetic.

When it was first announced a couple of years ago, the project struck me as just one more likely installment on the aggression plan. With its retina-rocking afterimages, its bouncing *moiré* patterns, and seeming electronically powered activations of all sorts, it appeared the perfect recipe for jaded appetites. Not that this is disreputable: exhaustion and anticipation are components of a natural cycle that renews itself in the galleries with ever more virulent force. What I was not prepared for, however, was the acclamation this show has received—its fairly noncontroversial welcome. Though from differing premises, Left and Right critical wings have voiced surprising, if not altogether unanimous approval. It now seems that what they have in common is a relief that the objects presented performed all necessary labor: a spectator had to contribute nothing to the experience except his presence. The sweet passivity that was engendered allowed conservatives to know exactly where they were and what was happening (art, for once, had a clear intention); and progressives experienced the comforting feeling that their eyeballs, at least, were still being shocked. In its very title, "The Responsive Eye" hints of realms enticing because involuntary, and of a sure-fire continuum of stimulus and reaction from which no one, with reasonably normal vision, would be excluded. The added spice that here was a spectacle of up-to-the-minute "advanced work" promoted contentment and confusion in about equal measure.

Perhaps it would be best to get out of the way my personal protests against at least the most doctrinaire examples of the show. I do not object to being manhandled by art, only to being excessively manipulated by it. When there is no recourse to more or less plausible alternative readings, when my faculties are harnessed to an undeviating mechanism (or one whose deviations are too insistent), I tend to lose motivation as a beholder. If the element of a spectator's responsibility to a work of art is sidestepped, and the cooperative linkages within the experience minimized, then a physiological assault has no particular content. To reduce the viewer to a helpless score board of sensations, to deprive him of his will, is a fundamental breach of propriety, committed by many artists through an appalling scientistic innocence. In this sense, there is no dialogue between me, and, say, a Riley, an Oster, a Tadasky; rather, their work emits merely a one-track stream of data which I am free only to boycott or submit to. If it is argued that the variable flashes and illusions, the striated, crisscross fluctuations which typify their art, are dynamic, I reply that they are dynamic in the way a machine is dynamic: it performs an operation. When there are no choices, there cannot be much gratification; worse still, there can be no enduring discovery.

The antecedents for this rather dubious situation are actually quite respectable. They spring from the desire of artists to vie with the intensity and propulsion of natural light and color by means of the material pigments at their disposal. Initially that meant some schematization of pictorial forces, and in 1886, Seurat projected the first systematic metaphor of colored light. By isolating pure hues, but adjusting them in extraordinarily intimate and small-scaled passages as screens of colored dots (the ancestors of the present meshes and microstructures), he hoped to insinuate such multiple chromatic interactions that the dazzled eye would imply the energy of light, while the mind, constantly bidden to fuse minute inert stimuli, would interpret them as in some virtually fluent and transient connection with one another. Utilizing scientific discoveries such as Chevreul's "Law of Simultaneous Contrasts," which states that when two colored objects are seen

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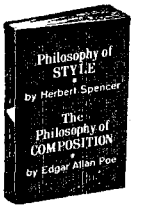
together, the color of each will be influenced by the complement of the other, he broke up any separate area into a reflective haze of vibrating opposites. Yet, if at a distance, single color identities might finally be reestablished, there would still be no fusion to produce the optical mixture desired. Rather, one is conscious of an ingenious translation of a real surface into an illusion of luminous energy — the process of translation being much more suggestive and fascinating than its imperfect results. Scanning the picture plane, the eye becomes aware of constantly reformulating ratios of harmonies and contrasts, sometimes working with or against one another, but charming in their sensuous impact almost in direct proportion to the fact that they *are* immobile and demand special empathies. That Seurat himself misconstrued this accomplishment comes forth in his statement: "People profess to see poetry in what I do; no, I only apply my method."

Since then, knowledge of the optical properties of light, and the perceptual mechanisms by which they are received, have increased enormously. To quote William Seitz, the director of the exhibition: "Today, with a vastly expanded and brightened battery of pigments . . . the painter can work with a palette enlarged by another order of perceptually created images, simultaneous contrasts, afterimages and other effects, some of them as dynamic as any produced by physical motion. Hard edges can be made to soften, wave and fluctuate; flat bands can be modeled perceptually to appear like Doric fluting; and, because of periodic fatigue, or 'bleaching' of color-sensitive cones in the retina, luminous shapes, purer and more brilliant than the painted shapes that generate them, can be made to appear, disappear and reappear at another location in a rhythmic cycle." Such phenomena have been an intermittent backlog of abstraction since the Bauhaus, and have long since entered into experimental psychology and advertising.

Before speculating on the causes of their rather pervasive reintroduction at the moment, I am curious about the theoretical dimensions and paradoxes of the experience they present. The accent on retinal response is, of course, a form of isolation and localization of just one of the many resources of art — and hence, it is a reductive situation. But this is complicated by the fact that it is also a kind of displacement—a reading out from scientific diagrams and textbook demonstrations of substitute identities as works of art. About the whole business, despite its technological aura, there is a whiff of Dadaism. More important, however, retinal, or "optical," art, as it is vulgarly called, presents an established, programmatic matrix of sensations that can switch in character from the rigidly structured and directed to the ambiguous and disoriented, and from closed, precisely contoured forms to immaterial wave lengths of great potency. Above all, the possibility of altering the metaphorical aspects of even abstract art into something quite literal—although nonrepresentational — has a curious potential. Pictorial elements can be totally self-sustaining, without any allusive value or nuance, and yet elicit specific changes of consciousness. In fact, the apprehension of forms can be replaced by optical interreactions, altogether side-stepping any process of perceptual translation. Equivocation, of which there is plenty, develops only by fooling or confusing the eye—rarely through any larger conception. Finally, encounters with works of this persuasion have a temporal pulse—due to periodic popping or blipping — more or less well defined, which (depending on one's fatigue and body movements) resembles an auditory experience sometimes more than a visual one. One waits in time, rather than scans in space. As to the claims advanced for certain forms of optical art, that they can induce hallucinatory states, this would certainly be as true as it would be of listening to a drone or static. Concerning some of the two- or three-tone monotonies in this show, the effect is more soporific or numbing than it is exhilarating. Sensation, psychic or physical, resulting from those works which set out to tyrannize it, may be systematically dulled.

The exhibition itself, very enterprisingly selected and intelligently presented by Mr. Seitz, provides an extraordinarily mixed bag of goods. However international in scope, it demonstrates, at least, that the origins and continuities of optical art are essentially European. The French Vasarely, the German Albers, and the Swiss Max Bill, were all sharp, geometrically oriented veterans whose interest in color equivocations, perspectival contradictions or contrast anomalies superseded their original post-Cubist direction. They can show, with the greatest of ease, that the same color is differently affected by different neighbors, or that any ground will subtract its hue from the figure seen against it, because the eye tends to retain background color. And Albers' student, Richard Anuszkiewicz, will illustrate prettily that density changes, warm-cool conversions or contour breaks can come about by changing the components of otherwise uniform cellular façades.

The trouble with so many of their works is not that they are glacial in feeling, or pedantically objective in approach. A man may educate his vision, and undergo strong disciplines, as means, not as ends. Nor does their formal insufficiency in itself invalidate their overall statements. These traits would not become failings if it



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could be said that their owners had detached themselves from the formal traditions from which they grew. But unfortunately they hold on to principles of abstract art even as they sacrifice, or rather gear, all its requirements to the emission of optical effects — unoriginal in themselves. This lends their work its distinctive air of pettiness, or diffidence. And the second generation of their followers only accentuates this schism of form and content by more radical gimmickry on one hand, and more archaic syntax on the other. Yacov Agam's huge diagonally projecting lattice "Double Metamorphosis II," for instance, while it changes faces as one moves from one of its sides to the other, also displays a composition right out of the old style geometricism of the thirties. Here too, the emphasis on retinal bounce or vibration transcends any expressive or chromatic demands; and of a great deal of the European inspired paintings or objects, the color is as unsensuous as it is blatant. Indeed, the application of method has won out here over even the faintest scintilla of poetry.

Fortunately, there are happy exceptions in the ranks: artists whose intellect or control does not stifle a personal fancy. One thinks of Yvaral's delightful little black-and-white forest of dowels; or Zehringer's bubbled plexiglass, behind which colored dots, improbably, but good-naturedly, wink. Not to be overlooked is Eric Olson's "Optochromi G.5" (glass with polarization and bi-refringence sheets), which filters colors darkly and unpredictably; or Larry Bell's metal and glass box — its opalescent gleams make it the most glamorous object in the whole show. Mention should also be made of the intriguing complications in Morellet and Goodyear, or the unexpected gentle hazes, the almost aerated resonances, in the plastic and wood panel of the Venezuelan, Cruz-Diez. Felicity of scale (usually small), and lightness of touch introduce contemplative drifts, and a playful, gamelike spirit into a handful of works: the most clearly profound of their idiom.

Mr. Seitz has also seen fit to display a group of large-scale, chromatic abstractions, American for the most part, which are only tangentially or marginally "optical," as that theme has been illustrated elsewhere. They constitute the most thrilling section of the show. With the clangorous harmonies and drastic simplifications of Louis, Noland and Kelly one is on ground familiar in another context. Two younger men, Gene Davis and Larry Poons (the latter most brilliantly), add to their unitary or dualistic masses, sequential effects — stripes, color disks — which diffuse and contradict the notion of a homogeneous field. An Italian, Piero Dorazio, beautifully weaves color lines into thousands—or color bars, into hundreds — of palpitating foci. All these canvases exemplify the historical reaction to old-line geometricism, post-Cubist drawing, and Abstract Expressionism, and are first and foremost, abstract paintings which have ventured accidentally, or when it pleased them, into the fringes of optical vibration.

The disturbing question posed by "The Responsive Eye" is the weight and importance that it must be accorded as a phenomenon of contemporary art. Only the last mentioned painters, or those like them, have arrived at their mature styles through any critical apprehension, and ambitious concern with, the necessities of a new consciousness. In their work, the discoveries of science take second place to the exigencies of art, and the commotion of the retina is subordinate to the exaltation of color and structure. Nevertheless, with its emphasis on nonrelational systems, and its exploitation of environmentalist techniques, the main current defines itself with a peculiar relevance. It might be seen as the search to discover untapped resources within the impersonal, almost computerized, geometries and visual artifacts of an automated age. Even further, we may be viewing the first wave of a turn toward a buoyant, "open" and lyrical pictorial taste. (The connection of many of the works at the Modern with Impressionism and Neo-Impressionism, is obvious.) Yet, this spectacle is extremely deceiving. Several of the practitioners are engineers of optical effects, working apparently on their own in isolated communities. Much more numerous are the artists, their identities too secure, holding onto outmoded ideas with updated embellishments. There is nothing urgent, or even cohesive about this aspect of the show. It is at once fashionable and old hat, a blend of historically exhausted and embryonic motifs occurring at the same time.

What we finally know is that the craft intelligence which this work demands will raise the general level of mediocrity. It will also pitifully expose any one who is not in the slightest bit a genius.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THEATRE 1965

Down at the Cherry Lane on Commerce Street, Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder and Edward Albee, whose joint enterprise there is called Theatre 1965, are presenting a New Playwright Series of one-act plays. Since these plays were written by people in the formative stage of their development, we must regard their performance as workshop activities. One or two of these plays entertained, hardly any of them bored me, and a few show distinct glints of talent. None of them is good enough to attack! For this reason I do not wish to review them in the ordinary sense. What is most worth noticing is the traits they share. They possess a generic character in common with a dozen or so plays that I have seen in private showings.

The first in the series was *Balls* by Paul Foster. This is hardly a stage play at all: in it we see two tiny white spheres the size of ping-pong balls, suspended from the flies, swinging pendulum fashion for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. They represent two corpses. They speak to each other of their past, while above their graves one hears sounds of copulation and of people performing other natural functions. I cannot judge the merit of the dialogue as a great part of it was unintelligible over the probably defective public-address apparatus. (I surmise good writing.) The impression I had was of a man very much impressed by Beckett's *Play*.

ALL IN GOOD TIME

The second piece, *Up to Thursday* by Sam Shepherd, was a nonsense charade in which a young man blanketed by the American flag lies on a cot waiting for his clothes to be returned from the cleaners. Two women, a younger and an older, sit on one side of the stage and face two young men on the other. The pairs address irrelevancies (frequently obscene) at each other and occasionally treat each other with playful brutality. Toward the end, the younger girl joins the young man

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under the flag and seemingly cohabits with him. This scene is framed by a brief silent prologue and an even shorter epilogue, clear in action but obscure in meaning. There is here something of Ionesco's early skits, with an American flair for sight gags and the flying exchange of dialogue without logical coherence or continuity.

The final item on the initial program, *Home Free* by Lanford Wilson, is a semi-symbolic episode closer to "conventional" theatre. In it a brother and sister, living as man and wife in impoverished isolation, dream and enact fantasies which will keep everything beyond their room as remote as possible. Reality obtrudes when the girl becomes pregnant. Her consort hardly takes notice of this, attempts to make violent love to her and when, having brought on a miscarriage, he fails to call a doctor (from fear of going outside the room), she dies. The play is clearly critical of the mental and moral solipsism presumably indulged in by many modern youths.

The opening number of the series' second evening is *Pigeons* by Lawrence Osgood. An apparently educated lady in owlish humor bamboozles two other women—one of them her social secretary, the other a coarse biddy—into carrying out whatever absurd antics she fancies. This is a parable of conformity: through fear and foolishness anyone of us may be led into doing the most grotesque things.

The last and most elaborate of all these plays, *Conerico Was Here To Stay* by Frank Gagliano, alternates between mad farce and pathetic horror. A man at a lonely subway station, intensely worried over the loss of his hat which has fallen onto the tracks, but without the gumption to retrieve it, seeks help in various directions. His several telephone calls result first in reaching a lady uttering fragmentary improprieties, and then a lunatic who acts as surrogate for God, saying: "I do not answer questions; I listen."

A blind man subject to convulsions due to the assault of hideous sounds and lethal vibrations on his still receptive senses, begs assistance from the waiting man, who refuses to trouble himself with anything except the recovery of his hat. An innocent girl carrying a cello enters the scene, followed by two hoodlums who rape her. The hatless man realizes what is going on, but is afraid to intervene. A charming Puerto Rican boy in flight from the rapists enters. He kids and engages in a jolly conversation with the man on the platform, then gallantly descends to the tracks to pick up the fellow's hat. The Puerto Rican's spunky friendliness (his name is Jesús) has inspired the hatless man (named Yam) with courage. To protect the boy from the mugs who still pursue him, Yam joins him on the track. Jesús and Yam are finally murdered by the hoodlums. The blind man now returns, rejoicing at having overcome his nasty tremors, and is felled by the escaping killers. This too is a parable, purporting to illustrate our selfish fear of responsibility and the total insanity of our world.

Any or all of the authors of these plays may eventually prove themselves valuable dramatists (I refer also to those whose similar works I have seen privately). They all show the influence of the Theatre of the Absurd and perhaps an Edward Albee imprint. They grin and grimace with little lightheartedness because most of them are basically moralizers. They eschew the rational and they all generalize. (In England the Establishment is usually viewed as a collection of settled "squares"; in these plays the Establishment is virtually civilization itself, composed wholly of clowns, maniacs and demons.) No characters appear, only masks and metaphors. Most of the playwrights try to be funny (and sometimes are) though they would not have us forget that they are also very much in earnest.

Their diagnosis of our times is despairing. None suggests a hope, a remedy, a "solution" — whether social, religious or personal. They protest in a kind of vacuum that reverberates into hollow guffaws. But even "protest" may be a term from which they shy. They appear to be removed from contact with any large body of diverse folk, professions or interests. The prospect they describe aims at the "universal" and remains extremely narrow. Their resemblances are so marked that one suspects them of being part of a single incestuous family. Perhaps they need to come up for air, to take a walk in a wider world. There they may—or may not—find their sorriest premonitions confirmed. Still the added experience might enrich the texture of their statements, give them greater scope, make them more individual. Even in the blackest times there is solace and pleasure in the feel of the human pulse.

These plays are generally well staged. Some of the better ones are too long for their meager schemes. The best acting is to be found in *Conerico Was Here To Stay*. Two more programs have been scheduled.

Much more modest, old-fashioned in fact, is Bill Naughton's comedy, *All In Good Time* (Royale Theatre). Yet it is not without authenticity. A "slice of life" about a marriage consummated with difficulty among working-class people in the north of England, it reveals, as does the same author's *Alfie* much that remains true of contemporary mores in the British Isles—particularly in the area of sexual expression.

Engagingly humorous, it is knowingly directed by Donald MacWhinnie and well acted by Donald Wolfit, Marjorie Rhodes, Brian Murray and Alexandra Berlin. The first two represent the solid tradition of "little people" English realism. (Wolfit adds several dimensions in more ambitious plays.) Marjorie Rhodes is particularly adept at giving the impressions of a casual naturalism—except in pathos where one becomes aware of the "works"—but throughout both of these veterans' performances there is evidence of shrewd stage practice which for some reason gratifies more than it disturbs.

Lincoln Center

(Continued from page 304)

American music; one is an old Russian friend of Balanchine, the other a Japanese who specializes in local color. And the last new scores commissioned by the company were such ancient works as Hindemith's *Four Temperaments*, Stravinsky's *Orpheus* and Hershy Kay's *Western Symphony*. What about the new theatre—had any effort been made to rethink the presentational framework in contemporary terms? No, the "teacup" perfected in the 18th century was unimprovable, and ballet itself was a historical form that was fundamentally unchangeable.

What, then, was the impact of the Ford grant? Was any effort being made to develop new choreographers, new composers for ballet? Choreographers were constantly being sought, as were composers; but it was more and more evident that choreography stopped with Balanchine, "just as music stopped with Stravinsky." Many were given opportunities, but all failed. And one doesn't develop choreographers by pampering them—they will fight

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through if they are really gifted. No, the Ford grant had principally made it possible to realize Balanchine's conceptions in full luxuriance in every detail; some of the costumes now being used (that of the prima ballerina in Ballet Imperial, for example) cost $1,000 each. We saw a rehearsal of an Aaron Copland ballet; I asked the conductor of the orchestra—which actually performs more difficult 20th-century music regularly than any other American orchestra—how many rehearsals he was allowed to prepare the performances, for example, of the Stravinsky *Movements* for piano and orchestra. "Two or three, and we have at least one run-through before each performance." I asked Kirstein why $8 million was not sufficient to provide reasonable rehearsal time, adequate orchestral personnel, or competent young conductors, but his only answer was a shrug.

On the other hand, despite Kirstein's sanguine attitude toward his situation, one hears elsewhere around the company that the pretentious new house and the overflowing new affluence have been inhibiting, rather than liberating: "We all feel the pressure to see the house filled every time, to live up to our exalted reputation, and even Balanchine has become much more nervous about every new work, much more afraid of failure." And if Balanchine himself feels constrained in his own, custom-built kingdom, it seems excessive to expect young and inexperienced choreographers to burst through in full command at first attempt. Moreover, a musical responsibility so stringent that it can find "no composers" in America worthy of attention becomes suspect when it can permit, on the very next Sunday, the performance of a ballet to an unbelievably banal, but undeniably new, French score.

Finally, if Kirstein is right, and American ballet does begin and end with his and Balanchine's career, one is confronted with the question of whether $25 million of public funds should have been spent to provide a magnificent setting for the decline of one man's artistic vision, and whether the Ford Foundation acted with maturity and wisdom in granting $8 million for the magnificent costuming, gorgeous presentation, and inhibiting certification of another's imaginative fancies. Surely Kirstein and Balanchine deserved this kind of recognition twenty-five years ago, when their idea was still fresh and vital (although perhaps money on such a scale is destructively out of proportion for a performing group in any case). But it seems now to have come too late.

Since, by this time, it was sufficiently clear that none of the constituents intended to assume any responsibilities not demanded of it by its audiences, the only remaining possibility was that the central direction might take advantage of the unique combined resources presumably at its disposal to create an aware and sophisticated audience that would in fact make such demands. There were, at least, the television programs on musical topics conducted by the composer Hugo Weisgall over the educational Channel 13. And the name of the Lincoln Center Fund had been mentioned several times as a hopeful resource in a generally dismal prospect. On the other hand, many people around Lincoln Center quickly dismissed its education program as another ticket-selling gimmick.

Mr. Schuman was unavailable for comment, and I therefore called on Mark Schubart, the executive director of the Lincoln Center Fund, and put this question to him directly. Yes, the student program was primarily to build audiences for the performing arts—but on the morally unassailable premise that the performing arts were "worth building audiences for"; moreover, the programs designed to generate recognition for performing arts in the schools were required to include 20th-century works on each program (of music)—but the constituents, "naturally," had to retain control over which works were to be played. What professional consultation, I asked, did the Center seek to guide its ultimate "educational" goals in each field involved? The roster of nonrepresented professions proved to be impressive: there is no composers' council, no conductors' council, no educators' council, no directors' or playwrights' or choreographers' or visual artists' councils—although the latter, explicitly excluded from institutional participation in Lincoln Center, are the only contemporary artists prominently represented there—perhaps because they have tangible value.

Yet Mr. Schubart appeared quite sincere when he insisted that the central direction is eager to make the contemporary artist—we were speaking mainly of composers—at home in Lincoln Center. He did not feel however, that the composer's point of view was best represented verbally, or by participation on supervisory or advisory committees. "What the composer thinks is of no importance to the listener; after all, if Beethoven had had ideas about composing, they wouldn't be of any particular interest." On the other hand, direct representation of composers by commissions is limited to works commissioned for the constituents, and determined by them. Indeed, despite Mr. Schubart's obvious involvement in an effort to carve out a useful function for the central direction, its main purpose seemed to be as a clearing house to avoid conflicting dates and repertory, and to take responsibility for booking the halls when the constituents are away. The currently most conspicuous manifestation of this essentially sanitary function is the International Festival of the Performing Arts scheduled for June and July of 1967. Its intention appears to be to present the regular constituents in non-susbscription performances for the allegedly culture-hungry tourists who flock to New York in these months. The programs are expected to include new works, and distinguished groups from other parts of the United States and elsewhere will participate, all of which is calculated to lengthen the booking season in the hope of reducing the considerable vacancy rate already being suffered by Philharmonic Hall.

But the Metropolitan Opera has served notice that it will perform no new works on such a festival, and there is much pessimism about the play-, ballet- and concert-going inclinations of the summer tourist in New York. One is only left to wonder whether they will be of sufficient strength and prevalence to fill yet again those thousands of gaping slots that, however publicly essential, have become so increasingly unfillable. If so, then Lincoln Center will perhaps stave off—for yet another euphoric while—the stupendous cultural disaster that seems fundamentally embedded in every structural and ideological element of its whole thoughtless, hopeless, scandalous design.

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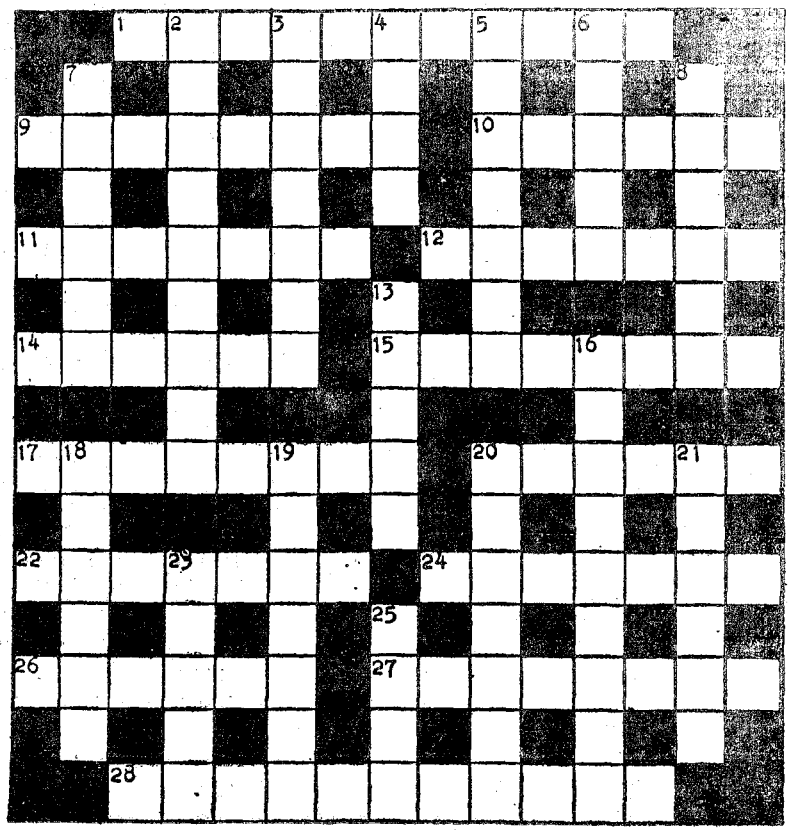
Crossword Puzzle No. 1098

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Notice on the showcase something that has a challenging antecedent? (11)
9 A thing torn asunder in a friendly term for a type of guidance system. (8)
10 Helps the saliva secretion? (6)
11 An apparition should be something to worship in time. (7)
12 Such 15 usually aren't active, due no doubt to natural reticence. (7)
14 What might follow a titled Englishman goes all right with a musician! (6)
15 and 27 Private lives here? Not very likely! (8, 7)
17 Those who do don't need so much of a wig for a protection from the sun. (8)
20 A pelican might be so big, and given a prepared statement. (6)
22 A bold stroke allowed in certain literary effort. (7)
24 Springtime ones had nothing to do with Koko's case. (7)
26 The state of separation? (6)
27 See 15 across
28 With them to help, you might have been cast for a different appearance. (11)

DOWN:

2 and 13 Is an ardent bibliophile so descriptive of the unusual? (3, 3, 3, 5)
3 Fish industry, responsible for many programs. (7)
4 Congeries, but not the portion that is equivalent to some. (4)
5 and 6 Monaco, if one considers the distaff side. (5, 2, 5)
7 Might this be removed in a cereal? (6)
8 In this you might be happily fortunate. (6)
13 See 2 down
16 What wet blankets sometimes exude. (4, 5)
18 Makes up for something at one snip, but not with a pinch. (6)
19 Cut and run? (7)
20 Are all bats made so heavy on purpose? (7)
21 Human frailties, according to Pope. (6)
23 See 25
25 and 23 Water level that might easily have a fall-off. (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1097

ACROSS: 1 Carnations; 6 User; 10 Romping; 11 William; 12 Ills; 13 Salmagundi; 15 Air line; 16 Nutmegs; 17 Negated; 20 Lentigo; 22 Misjudging; 23 Ague; 25 Electra; 26 Enclose; 27 So-so; 28 Phenomenon. DOWN: 1 Cardinal numbers; 2 Rambler; 3 Avid; 4 Ingrate; 5 Newsman; 7 Science; 8 Remains to be seen; 9 Flagstone; 14 Mistrusts; 18 Gushers; 19 Digraph; 20 Lantern; 21 Ingrown; 24 Scum.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014.

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March on Washington to end the war in Vietnam

April 17, 1965

The current war in Vietnam is being waged in behalf of a succession of unpopular South Vietnamese dictatorships, *not* in behalf of freedom. No American-supported South Vietnamese regime in the past few years has gained the support of its people, for the simple reason that the people overwhelmingly want peace, self-determination, and the opportunity for development. American prosecution of the war has deprived them of all three.

● The war is fundamentally a *civil* war, waged by South Vietnamese against their government; it is not a "war of aggression." Military assistance from North Vietnam and China has been minimal; most guerrilla weapons are captured American arms. The areas of strongest guerrilla control are not the areas adjacent to North Vietnam. And the people could not and cannot be isolated from the guerrillas by forced settlement in "strategic hamlets"; again and again Government military attacks fail because the people tip off the guerrillas; the people and the guerrillas are inseparable. Each repressive Government policy, each napalm bomb, each instance of torture, creates more guerrillas. Further, what foreign weapons the guerrillas have obtained are small arms, and are no match for the bombers and helicopters operated by the Americans. The U. S. government is the only foreign government that has sent major weapons to Vietnam.

● It is a *losing* war. Well over half of the area of South Vietnam is already governed by the National Liberation Front—the political arm of the "Viet Cong." In the guerrillas the peasants see relief from dictatorial Government agents; from the United States they get napalm, the jellied gasoline that burns into the flesh. The highly touted "counter-insurgency" the U. S. is applying in its "pilot project war" is only new weaponry, which cannot substitute for popular government. Thousands of Government troops have defected—the traditional signal of a losing counter-guerrilla war. *How many more lives must be lost before the Johnson Administration accepts the foregone conclusion?*

● It is a *self-defeating* war. If the U. S. objective is to guarantee self-determination in South Vietnam, that obective is far better served by allowing the South Vietnamese to choose their own government — something provided for by the 1954 Geneva Agreement but sabotaged in 1956 by the American-supported dictator Ngo Dinh Diem and never allowed since. The Diem government that invited U. S. intervention was thus illegitimate, having violated the agreement that established it. The Vietnamese, North and South, have no taste for Chinese domination—these two countries have fought one another for over a thousand years. Moreover, South Vietnam is not a "domino" — the "threat" to it is internal, not Chinese, and the greater threat to stability in other Southeast Asian countries is U. S.-inspired provocation of China, not China's own plans.

● It is a *dangerous* war. Every passing month of hostilities increases the risk of America escalating and widening the war. Since the '50s U. S.-trained South Vietnamese commando teams have been penetrating North Vietnam, considerably provoking the North Vietnamese. We all know of the presence of American destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf, a body of water surrounded on three sides by North Vietnamese and Chinese territory. And now American planes regularly bomb targets in Laos and North Vietnam. How calm would the United States be if Cuban commandos were being sent into Florida, Galveston were being bombed, and Chinese ships were "guarding" Cape Cod Bay?

● It is a war never declared by Congress, although it costs almost two million dollars a day and has cost billions of dollars since the U. S. began its involvement. The facts of the war have been systematically concealed by the U. S. government for years, making it appear as if those expenditures have been helping the Vietnamese people. These factors erode the honesty and decency of American political life, and make democracy at home impossible. We are outraged that two million dollars a day is expended for a war on the poor in Vietnam, while government financing is so desperately needed to abolish poverty at home. *What kind of America is it whose response to poverty and oppression in South Vietnam is napalm and defoliation, whose response to poverty and oppression in Mississippi is . . . silence?*

● It is a highly *immoral* war. America is committing pointless murder.

But the signs are plain that Americans are increasingly disaffected by this state of affairs. To draw together, express, and enlarge the number of these voices of protest, and to make this sentiment visible, Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) is calling for a

MARCH ON WASHINGTON
TO END THE WAR
IN VIETNAM

We urge the participation of all those who agree with us that the war in Vietnam injures both Vietnamese and Americans, and should be stopped.

The March, to be held on Saturday, April 17, 1965, will include a picketing of the White House, a march down the Mall to the Capitol Building to present a statement to Congress, and a meeting with both student and adult speakers. Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska and journalist I. F. Stone have already agreed to address the body.

Thousands of us can be heard.
We dare not remain silent

Only *you* can make this effort a success

Won't you form a March on Washington committee in your community and send a contribution to

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